CAN HISTORIANS KEEP UP WITH THE WAR?... By Kenneth R. Shafer

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ZORA NEALE HURSTON, co-winner of the 1943 Saturday Review-John Anisfield Awards. (See page 11)

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This is a long, cold winter, and while this book won't affect the temperature of your house, it will keep the cold out of your heart...

LOUIS UNTERMEYER writes: "I re-read Finney's book last night. I've been a rooter for said Finney ever since his beautifully cock-eyed *Circus of Dr. Lao,* and this new book is a proof of the man's extraordinary range. It's a gay and tender book—the very sort of book for grim and untender times—and I can think of no sort of person who won't enjoy every page of it. It has made me feel good—and (such is its gentle therapy) it has even made me feel well."

CORNELIA OTIS SKINNER: "I laughed and cried over it. It's the first book I've come across in years that I want to read right over again."

LEWIS GANNETT: "I smiled and chuckled out loud all through the pages of Past the End of the Pavement."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune*

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON: "Anyone on earth should enjoy it. Only Thorne Smith could have equalled it."—*San Francisco Chronicle*

N. Y. TIMES BOOK REVIEW: "A delightful, beguiling book. . . . Seldom has there been more irrepressible realism or a brighter mirth."

ALL this admiration is for the story of a couple of lads, "those awful Farrier boys," whose succession of unorthodox pets—beetles, frogs, turtles, opossums, and snakes, not to mention the lecherous Muscovy drake—brought a mingling of joy, embarrassment, and woe to themselves and the neighborhood. Imagine the kind of book W. H. Hudson might have written if he had grown up in a Missouri prairie town and been endowed with the rich, earthy sense of humor that is Charles G. Finney's hallmark.

PAST THE END OF THE PAVEMENT is a funny book, and many will read it as such. It makes you laugh out loud most of the time. But it goes deeper than a merely funny book. It is so filled with a love of all living things that it opens a window to a completely new view of life. People will delight in and envy the Farrier boys for their wonderful world beyond the pavements, because it is, after all, the real world, not the insane world of total war.

Past the End of the Pavement

By CHARLES G. FINNEY

With decorations by KURT WIESE

$2.00, HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY, N. Y.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Can Historians Keep Up with the War?

A Mountain of Material is Piling Up Waiting to be Digested

KENNETH R. SHAFFER

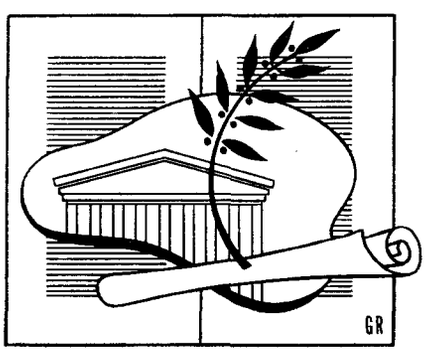
AS a private citizen who has a vital stake in its outcome, the historian is aware that his most important business today is to support the war effort as practically and as directly as possible. On the other hand, his profession obliges him to wonder what the history of a total war will look like, for he is equally aware that posterity will want to know how it was accomplished. From this point of view he looks at the war with dispassion and detachment as the stuff history is made of.

The history of a modern war is no longer a relatively simple record of governments and armies. We have little exact knowledge today of just how the Revolutionary War affected a farmer in the Vermont backwoods or a village tradesman in Virginia, nor do we have a very clear picture of how such more or less isolated civilians reacted to the political and economic pressures of the conflict. Conversely, we do not know how far these civilians actively participated in the shaping of the war and its outcome. We can take some satisfaction, however, in knowing that these imponderables, while extremely interesting as facts in themselves, are not essential to understanding the fundamental history of the Revolution. War in the eighteenth century was principally concerned with governments, personalities, and the business of armies; the civilian masses enjoyed a not unimportant role analogous perhaps to the spectators of a football game.

But the conflict we are engaged in now is a total war whose causes, character, and conclusions will be found closely woven in the fabric of the entire nation. Today the record of a civilian may be as important—or even more so—than the record of a soldier. The history of a single factory isolated by distances of thousands of miles from the fighting fronts may have greater importance than the story of the maneuvers of an entire army division. The archives which can be expected to yield a comprehensive history of the war period must embrace the whole gamut of our national life from farmer to soldier, from labor movements to front-line tactics.

During World War I, under the leadership of several learned societies, a nation-wide program was projected to collect war records of the country nationally and locally. The Library of Congress, state, municipal, university, and special libraries, historical associations, and government agencies organized to undertake a program of archival collection that would extend from the national government down to the smallest village or township. State historical commissions directed the preservation of state records and stimulated the work of smaller local organizations. When the war ended, many volumes issued by state war history commissions provided certain types of simple statistical information almost at once. Several branches of the federal government, including special divisions in the armed services, organized their own historical bureaus which issued histories of their respective departments shortly after hostilities had been concluded.

Today, historical organizations have increased in vigor and resources. As a whole, libraries and historical societies are larger, better equipped, and more cognizant of their responsibilities for the kind of work that was indicated for them in World War I. The great National Archives which came into existence in 1934 with the erection of its splendid building, is busy not only in salvaging the scattered official documents of earlier periods, but is now actively working with the tremendous problems of current material. Many states have created state archives of their own in the meantime which compare in equipment if not in size with the National Archives in Washington.



Emmett J. Leahy who directs the coordination of records in the Navy Department has estimated that at the time when enemy planes were blasting Pearl Harbor, the Federal government was burdened with something like seven million cubic feet of its own records in the District of Columbia alone. The ten million square feet needed to house these records vital to the carrying on of our government are roughly equal to the total space requirements of both the War and Navy Departments, and the cost of administering and caring for them runs into a personnel of thousands.

RECENTLY, the Army and Navy have asked for 500,000 *additional* typewriters for the use of the armed forces. The number already on hand and in use must be a far more staggering one. Federal offices in Washington have asked for a regular quota of 2,000 new stenographers and typists each month from a single state of average size alone. The number of documents produced each day to carry on the war —correspondence, reports, instructions, records of operations, etc.—would certainly be far beyond the historian's wildest hopes of intelligible preservation if it were not for the new and advanced techniques at his disposal. And stupendous as the production of national archives of official papers is, this is only a small part of the total bulk of records of state and local government archives, records of private industries and organizations, tons of newsprint, pamphlets, magazines, posters, and other ephemera whose preservation is essential if we are ever to

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analyze, reconstruct, and understand the World War II period.

Neither the historian, archivist, or librarian has time today to sort the unimportant from the important. Indeed, he would be at a loss of perspective to know what will prove to be important or what will be unimportant when the war will have passed the scrutiny of time. Furthermore, the records physically are of the flimsiest sort that will hardly outlast the war itself. Most of the paper we produce for correspondence and print will disintegrate in only a few years. Yet the information contained in such records will be of historical importance for centuries hence.

The loss of much of this material from lack of storage space or through physical decomposition is being prevented by means of microfilm. Perfected with a wide use in the larger libraries and archives, microfilm entails a simple process of low-cost photographing of any kind of manuscript or printed document on moving picture film. Material of the greatest bulk is reduced to a few compact reels of film, releasing enormous storage space, and with accompanying lessening of handling costs for the documents. The film itself will last as long as the best rag papers, considerably longer than the cheaper papers in use today. Reading is done with several types of hand or mechanical projectors which enlarge the document to its original size on a ground glass plate. Records of primary importance will never be microfilmed because of the convenience and necessity of using such papers in their original form. On the other hand, the economy of microfilm makes it particularly suitable for the vast bulk of records of marginal value which must be preserved and yet which will be seldom used.

INDUSTRIES, government agencies, and commercial businesses are microfilming correspondence and bulky records almost immediately after their production, obviating, with the destruction of the originals, the costly burden of caring for voluminous records. The fact that two or more copies can be made inexpensively for storage in different localities also insures against the loss of valuable papers through bombing or sabotage. Both the Army and Navy are building microfilm centers, and although their exact nature remains a military secret, it can be assumed that these depots will preserve a maximum of essential records.

Libraries are making use of the most advanced types of recordings and electrical transcriptions for the preservation of speeches, radio addresses, and even complete war programs. Since the First World War, several libraries have developed a special field in the collection and preservation of moving picture films and other specialized kinds of graphic records.

Even before the United States became involved in the war directly, libraries and historical organizations had begun their programs to collect every kind of record that might aid the historian in interpreting the period. With the declaration of war, the program was broadened and accelerated. Ohio, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, Iowa, and Indiana have already established war history commissions to direct the work within their states. Other states will undoubtedly have similar agencies in operation by the time this article is in print.

An initial pamphlet outlining the program of the Ohio War History Commission devotes five pages to broad classes of records which it feels must be preserved if any coherent record of Ohio's participation in the war is ever to be written. As dramatic as the breadth of the war itself is the range of material which is being sought for.

All records of civilian life including public health and housing, industry, business, farming, scientific organizations, educational systems and institutions, and welfare organizations are regarded as essential. In addition, basic material will include all official records of all branches of the state, county, township, and municipal governments, Ohio branches of the armed services, and records of Ohioans in the armed forces anywhere. Other broad types are: letters and diaries of soldiers and sailors, posters, newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, publications of public organizations, moving pictures, records of conscientious objectors' camps, radio scripts and transcriptions, books, records of public opinion, propaganda, records of church and social organizations, etc. The coverage is total, reaching across every section of the civilian, military, and political life of the state.

Much of the material that is of the greatest historical importance is of the sort that will be lost in spite of the efforts of the commission unless the public can be made conscious of its historical value and is persuaded to contribute. People do not willingly or soon part with letters and diaries they have received from sons, husbands, or friends in the armed services, yet sooner or later much of such material is destroyed or lost. An essential part of the Ohio War History Commission's program will be to direct public opinion so that eventually, at least, such personal papers will find their way to public depositories which can assure their preservation and ultimate availability to scholars and research workers.

Only a few of the largest institutions can hope to cope with a global or even national coverage of the war period. In addition to the National Archives which is limited to official documents of the Federal government, and the Library of Congress which will be responsible for all other material, only a few of the largest public and university libraries can hope to engage in the costly and uncertain task of assembling exhaustive collections of general war source material.

A recent issue of the *Yale University Library Gazette* contains an amazing summary of the Yale collection of war literature after two years of effort. Having pointed out that the basic collections of books, magazines and pamphlets, government documents, and newspapers were to be taken for granted in any sizable library, the article describes some of the ephemera making up the bulk of the collection:

> Here the student may learn such things as what an English restaurant is able to offer under food restrictions, what Christmas cards were sent in 1940, the problems of a British tradesman in satisfying both his government and his customers, and how it is possible to use an envelope three times. He can read airplane leaflets dropped by the Germans over France, by the Japanese over China, and by Soviet planes over Iran. If his research leads him so far, he can examine fabrics of German parachutes which fell in England, one of which bore a flare, another a land mine, and a third fragment which carried, probably, a man.

Before December 7, America was flooded with war relief organizations of widely varied character. Some were rackets, others were outright propaganda agencies, and some were sincere and honest in purpose. Nearly every foreign government flooded the country with its own brand of propaganda as soon as war seemed imminent. Domestic propagandists began to flourish —the Pelleys, Coughlins, Dillings—each endeavoring and often succeeding in influencing widening groups of partisans of their own particular cause. With the declaration of war, our own government began a flood of instructions, regulations, and propaganda of its own. Army and conscientious objectors' camps issued papers. Axis propaganda, always strong in Latin America, began a strong competition with our own.

The Yale library apparently considers this heterogeneous assortment of

(*Continued on page* 20)

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It Happened in Tokyo

TOKYO RECORD. By Otto D. Tolischus. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 464 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HUGH BYAS

WHEN Otto Tolischus landed at Yokohama on the morning of February 7, 1941, he was inclined to believe that the Japanese could hardly be as efficient in evil as the Nazis whom he had left. It is not easy for the Occidental to realize that those "little wizened men," whom our cartoonists depict as a kind of sawed-off gorilla, found out for themselves without Hitler the advantages an armed thug, labeling himself a "have-not," commands over rich, peace-loving, unarmed "haves." The drive up to Tokyo through twenty miles of mild squalor did not noticeably impress Tolischus with "the land of the gods." Four days later he watched the Japanese celebrate the fabulous anniversary of the foundation of their Empire. He heard a lawyer-statesman tell a gathering of teachers that "Japan's national policy is unique in the world" and repeat to those presumably educated educators the story of the Sun Goddess whose descendant now rules Japan. He wrote:

> Here was official doctrine which, in differing forms, I had heard before. . . . Here was another military power proclaiming a superstate on even higher authority than Hitler had been able to find for the super-state of the German race. I began to see Shinto, the Way of the Gods, and Kodo, the Imperial Way, as living realities.

Knowledge of Nazi ideas was one of the assets Tolischus brought to his work in Japan. He saw the same poisonous philosophy fermenting behind the smooth blond brows of the master race and in the yellow skulls of the Mongolian-Polynesian Japanese. The Japanese language, Japanese ways, were new and strange but the Japanese were saying the same things as Hitler. If Tolischus came expecting to find imitators and puppets, as many people supposed, he quickly saw that the Japanese had not needed to borrow. Their power politics was a native product, disguising raptorial appetites with moral dope that was purely Japanese. Indeed, so far as concerned the antiquity of the bunk they were peddling, the Japanese were first. Before the Germans discovered they were a master race, the Japanese were working themselves up with the doctrine that they were a unique people with a great national mission.

Tolischus is not the kind of writer who uses one word if a dozen will make his point clearer and it is impossible to compress a discussion of his book into the compass of a review. It has two features of exceptional interest. It is, first, a carefully prepared and well documented account of the six months leading up to war; and, second, a full narrative of his atrocious treatment in prison.

When he arrived, Japan was on the road to war, a reluctant crowd of civilian officials and politicians yielding to the deliberate pressure of the army and navy and a bureaucracy which, though many of its members knew better, was adapting itself to the conviction that the army was the strongest thing in Japan. Konoye recognized the power of the army and feared it. He is a *kuge* peer, a scion of the ancient court nobility which shared the poverty and impotence of the Imperial house during a millennium of military usurpation. His first instinct is to protect the interests of the Imperial House with which his own are bound up. The Emperors and their circle cannot have forgotten that thousand years; they have not read Daudet's "Rois en Exil" but they have been through the experience. As *kuge,* as civilian, and as an intelligent, weak man of the world, Konoye realized that war with the United States and England meant ultimate ruin for Japan. His various undistinguished terms of office were ineffective efforts to stave off war. He may have delayed things, but he was hardly less helpless than the fugitives who thronged clogged roads in France with the terror behind them.

Otto D. Tolischus

With Konoye was associated that curious, egotistical, erratic (and likable) figure, Yosuke Matsuoka. Matsuoka was ambitious and a jingo. He went with the army because he knew that the army would always get what it wanted. He was supposed to know America well; he had been educated in the United States and he had some of the directness of Americans. He did not want war with America, and he thought himself clever enough to work with the army for his own ambitions and somehow elude the risks of war.

The army did not have to be clever. It knew what it wanted and Matsuoka signed the alliance with Hitler which was the army's price for his job. He asserted that the alliance would keep the United States out of the war. Matsuoka's ability to make himself believe what he wants to believe is considerable. Japan was at the time flooded with the views of Senator Wheeler and Colonel Lindbergh and it is possible that the government, like the public, believed that isolationism would become irresistible when the danger of war with Japan was added to the danger of war with Germany. But it is more likely that he thought the United States could be brought to acquiesce in Japan's policy in China in order to avert global war. He was, in any case, in the grip of forces which had become convinced that, aided by the European war, the Japanese navy, army, and air fleet could conquer the Pacific.

So long as a civilian cabinet lasted, the hope that war might be averted still flickered. The cabinet was divided. Churchill's statement: "the United States is laboring with infinite patience to arrive at a settlement which will give Japan the utmost assurance of her legitimate interests" made a deep impression, and Konoye was giving Ambassador Grew reason to hope that Japan might accept the principles outlined in the American note. Those signs of sanity were accompanied by wild propaganda in the press inspired by army and navy spokesmen and by rumors of conspiracies to conduct a fresh campaign of "government by assassination." Japan was going down the rapids. The current swept Konoye along and finally swept him out and replaced him by General Tojo and a war administration.

Tolischus is the first to tell the story of the last six months. It is an objective record, written by a first-class man who took his job seriously. Well-documented and well-reasoned, the record is an indispensable part of the

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history of the war and of Japan. Tolischus, like others, could not predict when war would come nor even that it would come. He observed the disunity among the Japanese and he noted the occasional signs of resistance to the military policy, but he was never deceived as to the strength and direction of the tide that was bearing Japan along towards the unenviable distinction of being the first nation to plunge the Pacific in global war.

Despite what seemed a thorough education in the English language, Japanese officials made no pretense of the open mind. A day or two before Tolischus arrived the young deputy spokesman Iichi Kishi (his father would have turned in his grave) sent me an impertinent letter suggesting that a correspondent who had not been good enough for the Nazis was not good enough for Japan. (I quote the substance, not the words.) It was the letter of a brash young man; he might have been dining with a member of the German Embassy the evening before, and I ignored it. When Tolischus arrived I took him to meet the officials. As I had expected he made a good impression. He was received in a friendly way everywhere and the writer of the letter made the *amende honorable* in the oblique Japanese way by inviting Tolischus to his home.

The good impression Tolischus had made on the higher Japanese officials did not prevent other and more powerful low officials from adding a new blot to Japan's international story. The correspondent's functions are an indispensable part of our world today and carry some international recognition which is universally accorded. Captured correspondents have been treated as diplomatic internees or prisoners of war even by Germany. The Japanese set a new precedent (which should not be forgotten in the final settlement) by treating them as criminals. They arrested them, confiscated their papers, threw them in the common jail, gave them the third degree, tortured them, and carried mimicry of justice so far as to try them in the courts and sentence them to imprisonment.

Tolischus's restrained account of his treatment in prison is the most painfully engrossing part of the book. In the conduct of the supposedly educated officials who examined him the reader will find a truthful mirror of some aspects of Japan. He will see ungrown, miseducated minds in which a thirst for greatness and glory alternates with a corrosive inferiority complex. Tolischus's account of his feelings and actions under the ordeal is a testimony to character as well as to reportorial skill. He would agree with Colonel Le Roy P. Hunt, commander of the American marines on Guadalcanal, that the man who is not afraid when he goes into action is either lying or crazy. He had not been exposed to much physical pain in the course of his life and he was naturally afraid it might break him down. He was tortured abominably. Morning after morning, as he followed his keeper to the cell where he was to be "worked on," he felt fear and wondered if he would come through it again. He came through. He found that acute physical pain passed into numbness after the nerves could stand no more. He wanted to die for relief of the pain. After he had touched bottom it was easier; he had not broken. He still feared he might be broken, but was not so afraid as before.

The torturers kept it up for many days, then suddenly realized that they were getting nothing and switched to methods of kindness.

Tolischus was tried for having been a correspondent and given eighteen months' imprisonment with three years' suspension. The judge's demeanor sometimes suggested that he knew he was prostituting his office, but what was the law, or the principles of law, when the nation was at war. "Japan must protect her national interests," said the judge. Something pretty drastic and definite about the treatment of correspondents will have to be written into the peace treaty with Japan.

One small correction may be made, important only as illustrating how quickly the news from Japan was forgotten. On August 21, 1941, Tolischus records that news editors, other than his own, were querying a scoop he had made reporting the annexation of the Spratley Islands and others in the South China Sea. But the news had been published in *The New York Times* in considerable detail on April 1 and April 18, 1939. The forgetfulness was typical of pre-war America's small interest in Japanese doings.

The Technique of Making Death Easy

MODERN JAPAN AND SHINTO NATIONALISM. By D. C. Holtom. Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1942. 173 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by WENZELL BROWN

The Souls of men fallen in action
May be seen
Protecting men on the field of battle.

THUS wrote the Japanese Emperor Meiji in 1904. The belief expressed here is not symbolic, but it is to be taken literally. Men who have died in frustrating the enemies of Japan become Gods. They move ahead of the Imperial army and when war breaks out they again seize their arms and go out onto the field of battle and fight.

Again Emperor Meiji writes:

Parents and wives who anxiously
waited for the safe return home
Of their sons and husbands

Are seen offering before the shrine
their earnest prayers in tears of
gratitude
And worshiping the departed souls
now venerated as deities here.

Thus the reward for death in battle is to become a God. Japanese soldiers who die on foreign strands do not remain where they have fallen, but, unseen to mortal eyes, return as guardian deities to their national capital.

In part these statements answer some of the many questions which America is asking concerning our foe in the Orient. Reports have come back from Guadalcanal, from Bataan and Wake Island and Hong Kong, of how sloe-eyed Japanese farm boys walked directly into machine-gun fire, were mowed down and immediately replaced by others, who in turn went down.

Reports too have come in of the savage cruelty of the Japanese, of almost incredible tortures, of the bayoneting of surrendered soldiers, of the complete abandonment of every accepted canon of decent treatment of civilian prisoners of war.

And America asks: "Why?"

Mr. D. C. Holtom in his book "Modern Japan and Shinto Nationalism," indicates that the answer to this "Why?" can be found in an examination of State Shintoism. Unlike Christianity or Buddhism, which are universal in their nature, Shintoism is a national religion. The Japanese is born into its all-pervading influence. It fundamentally conditions his mentality and his conduct. "It permeates his home life, his agriculture, his business, his edu-

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cation, even his sports, and, above all, his conception of the state and his duty toward it."

Mr. Holtom emphasizes the dogma of "benevolent destiny." This is the belief, firmly held by the Japanese, that their country has been selected by divine powers to be the saviour of the world. Those who oppose the spread of their dominion are flaunting the will of the Gods. The fanatical savagery that marks their dealing with those whom they have conquered may then be traced to that same type of religious zeal that marked the Spanish Inquisition. The enemy has tried to block the passage of the Gods. No punishment can be too great.

Shintoism has a history of thousands of years, but not until recently has its horrible impact been felt. The explanation of Shintoism's dangerous emergence into the world is of great importance to those who must deal with Japan. Until 1868, Shintoism was not an organized religion. It was divided into a tremendous number of cults, each having its own shrines, its priests and religious rites. These cults were, at the best, loosely connected and their shrines were often for local deities who were worshipped in the fashion of primitive superstition. But in the latter half of the nineteenth century "Pure Shinto" arose and became the State religion. The dogma of Shintoism came under the control of the state and soon passed into the hands of the army. The local shrines have gradually been lessened and individual sects have lost their power. There has been a rigorous denial of the right of Shintoist priests to give any other than official interpretation to religious creeds.

At present the policy of the Shintoist control group is made plain by a statement of General Hisauchi Terauchi. "All kinds of liberalism based on individualism must be set aside." The national dogma is deeply imbedded in the minds of the people of Japan. Its repetition is constant—in schools, papers, radios, magazines, books, and all the agencies of propaganda available to an all-powerful state. No dissenting voice dare be raised.

Mr. Holtom has a tremendous amount of highly interesting and valuable material in his book. However, the book offers many pitfalls to the reader unversed in knowledge of Japan. This is a directed research and does not present a full picture of the problems we have to face in dealing with Japan and her present carefully nurtured delineation of her cultural background. And even the earnest student will find its theological phrasing and its almost unbelievable redundancy tiring. Yet to those of patience, there is much to be gained here.

From the Outside Looking In

FLIGHT FROM TERROR. By Otto Strasser and Michael Stern. New York: Robert McBride & Company. 1943. 361 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

IT is difficult to foresee how future historians will interpret the Hitler phenomenon. It will be pretty hard to confess to the coming generations that a strangely assorted group of cynical outcasts, confused fanatics, vocational plotters, cheap cheats, and street corner bullies could rise to supreme power under the very nose of the civilized world. Often as the story has been heard by now, it still remains fantastic; told as it is in this book, by one of the early protagonists of the tragicomedy, it makes an appalling and doubly pathetic record—of human depravity on the one side, and of human inertia on the other.

The most amazing fact about these former lieutenants of Hitler who, like Otto Strasser, became anti-Nazis, or at any rate, staunch anti-Hitlerites, is their obviously sincere astonishment at what Nazism really is. Their naivete is surpassed only by their surprising confidence (a regular feature in all such books) that things in Germany would have taken an essentially different course had they been the ones to lead the party and its private army. Thus, they all seem to share their one-time master's weird theory that the course of history is regulated by supermen and material chances.

Otto Strasser is certainly the best of the lot inasmuch as he, at least theoretically, distinguishes between revolutions carried by coherent ideas and a mere struggle for power. But actually, he, too, was, first of all, an ambitious machine politician with more than a touch of the disbanded professional soldier, and a revolutionist for the sake of power, its maintenance, and its enjoyment. "Politics," says he, "is an imponderable mystery, and that, I suppose, is what makes it such a fascinating game." His utter disregard of the legal government—accepted as a matter of course even in retrospect in the present volume—by no means stemmed primarily from the hate of a disillusioned idealist, but rather from an innate dislike of the weak and the powerless—a German characteristic all the way.

This does not necessarily mean that Strasser was unaware of the misery of the nineteen twenties in Germany, or that he was unwilling to do his bit. The difficulty lay in the fact that his social, or "socialistic," leanings, which made him first join and, in 1930, leave the party, formed, and apparently still form, as vague and emotional a "political philosophy" as, for example, Dr. Rauschning's "conservative revolution." Strasser's antipathy toward big business and the industrialists who financed Hitler's intrigues has, at any time in his eventful career, been outweighed by his admiration for the German officers' caste. In full earnest he calls the planned cabinet which was to be formed, in 1932, by General Schleicher, a trade union man, and his own brother Gregor (then still number two Nazi), a "powerful liberal government" that "would have guaranteed

From "Divide and Conquer." Office of War Information

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the peace of Europe." Yet, the existence of such a coalition was exclusively dependent on Hitler's blessings, and Mr. Strasser himself reveals how its establishment was frustrated by the Führer's last-minute withdrawal from the "pact."

There is no doubt as to the scope and the good faith of Mr. Strasser's wrath. But he fails to convince us of the political importance of his one-man fight against Hitlerism, and the activities of his Black Front both within Germany and abroad. Although, as a document of personal courage, defiance, and tenacity, his tale is deeply impressive, only future examination of the Nazi records will prove the actual political value of his undertakings. Hitler's untiring attempts to "liquidate" the rebel alone are no proof; there are, alas, millions of entirely harmless people all over Europe the German dictator doesn't weary of "liquidating."

Be all this as it may, this is a highly interesting volume, and parts of it are splendidly written. It adds much information to what we already have, and casts light on many a hitherto obscure episode of recent German history. But it remains far from solving the focal riddle: the authors hardly touch upon the reasons for the fateful readiness of both the German middle and upper classes to accept Nazism. And we are in need of exactly such studies. For in all human probability, the demoniacal house-painter will, sooner or later, be done for, but what of the Germans who made him what he is?

Just a Little Ahead of the World

MEMOIRS OF MY PEOPLE. Edited by Leo W. Schwarz. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1943. 597 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by HOWARD FAST

I REMEMBER a not too nice old lady who said, aside from sex, Jews were the only thing worth discussing. I remember countless gatherings where it was inevitable that the talk turn to Jews sooner or later. I have heard people who never knew a Jew intimately set forth as authorities upon them, and I have seen people who knew all too many shrug their shoulders helplessly. I have gone through life with the "some of my best friends" tag pouring out as regularly as the weather announcement in the daily paper; and I have found, out of my own experience, that you don't tire of talking about Jews.

Here is a book, called "Memoirs of My People," in which Jews talk about themselves. Most of these names, Ahimaaz ben Paltiel, Juda Asheri, Leone da Modena—you will not recognize, unless you are a student of these things, and then the long odds are that you have never read these particular tales. Some of them, such as Moses Miamonides and Theodor Herzl and Georg Brandes, you may know—but again the long odds are that very few have seen these memoirs before Leo Schwarz put them in a book.

And the anthology itself is a rarity, a curiosity, and a most wonderful collection of tales. The theme, if there be one central theme running through these pages, isn't new; for Jews are curiously of a piece, in spite of all proof to the contrary. There are a dozen nationalities here, yet for one reason or another, they are Jews—that curiously gentle, civilized breed that is both the people of the Book and the whipping boy of the human race.

The collection is inclusive of a thousand years. Doctors, scholars, and adventurers walk through its pages; yet all of them are of a piece, brooding over their Jewishness, coming several hundred years apart, yet finding the same world—a hostile, barbaric, wonderful world, in which they are strangers obsessed by their own strangeness.

I have never been one to make reasons for anti-Semitism; I find all the reasons and all the explanation far to pat. Leo Schwarz has done all that anyone could do with the problem—taken many Jews through many centuries and allowed them to talk for themselves. Their talk is strange and wise and mystical—and some of it is the most civilized philosophy ever put down on paper, I think, and some of it is not: and altogether it is a rich and luscious portrait gallery of a people who were always a little ahead of the world, so far as civilization goes.

I would want it read by many people, not as a solution to the problem, but as a little evidence for men and women who are now somewhat tired of defending themselves. I think Jews have a right to be tired; they need no defense, only enough history for a not-too-civilized world to get apace of them.

Send GOOD books to

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Saturday Review Family,

25 W. 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

Memento Mori

MEMO TO A FIRING SQUAD. By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 275 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

MR. BRENNAN has gathered together in Lisbon a Hollander, a Frenchman, a Spaniard and a red-haired Polish girl, for whom the killing of Germans is less an occupation than a addiction. The girl gets her Gestapo man with a rock; the Hollander uses firearms; the Frenchman and the Spaniard are adept at neck-breaking. One deplores the fact that they use the garrotte—the knuckle trick is simpler and does not cause discordant noises. An American correspondent joins this company *pour le sport,* and wins his spurs or brass knucks by killing a Boche with a single, mildly incredible, right hook.

The correspondent falls in love with the Polish girl and she with him but they have a slight disagreement about whether killing all Germans at all times by any practical method, neat or not, is really good clean fun. The girl and her companions plan to move into Germany and work out to the edges; the correspondent thinks they ought to let two or three old ladies and possibly a small orphan asylum go on living. This attitude causes the Europeans to regard him dubiously as a possible "Liberal." However, incessant manslaughter wins the girl's heart.

This story is very thin, of course, but it is very swift and skillful and it is filled with major questions succinctly phrased. "Do you understand what the Germans have done? They have made their own deaths the mark of manhood from Norway to Spain."

The Polish girl is for the elimination; the hero thinks there might still be a Goethe or a Bach in chromosomes.

It is a question that is going to come up, in our time as it did in Caesar's.

Allied News Photo
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

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English History and Social Solicitude

THE ENGLISH YEOMAN: Under Elizabeth & the Early Stuarts. By Mildred Campbell. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1942. 453 *pp., and Index.* $3.75.

GOOD NEIGHBOURS. By Walter Rose. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1942. 138 *pp.* $2.75.

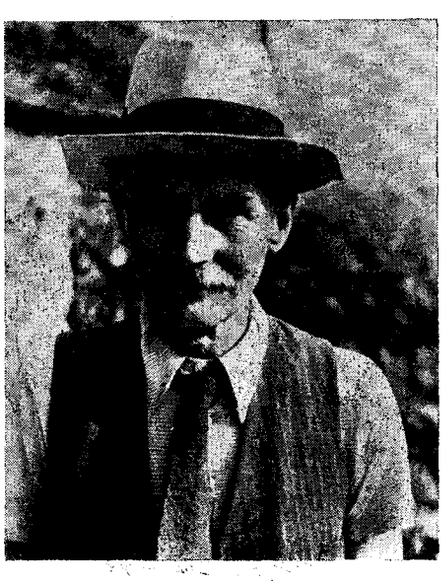
Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

ENGLISH society during the Middle Ages, through the period covered so admirably by Professor Campbell's careful monograph, and very nearly up to the Victorian Age, is remarkable for two outstanding characteristics: its sense of order, of "degree, priority and place," and the comparative frequency of progress from one degree to another. The sense of order, all that is roughly and inaccurately covered by the invidious term "class distinctions," is known and often over-emphasized by American historians, almost invariably misunderstood by American observers. (There are some striking instances of this in so intelligent and brilliant a recent book as Mr. John A. Rice's "I Came out of the Eighteenth Century.") But the fluidity of the English social order, the lack of permanent barriers between the classes, go often completely unrecognized by the American historian and the American observer. Miss Campbell's masterly study of the yeoman in the Elizabethan and Stuart periods should remove some common errors about English social life. For the yeoman is the class to which England owes its social fluidity; and by it was preserved from the pettiness of the German stiffness and rigidity or from the rather Byzantine exclusiveness of the Spanish hidalgoes. Only in certain Italian cities, notably Florence and Venice, did you have a system not unlike the English in its comparative ease; but in these cities it was the great merchants, the great fortunes, rather than the small freeholder who helped to keep social barriers weaker than in a society based on military or aristocratic order.

In the Middle Ages certain professions could always put the humblest among the highest—the church and the law, and among the clergy there was always a number, in or out of the religious houses, who sprang from low estate. The yeoman, however, was the class which kept alive in England the idea that a man was not bound to remain in the estate to which he had been born. Miss Campbell quotes not a few sixteenth and seventeenth century authorities to show that "gentilitie is taken two waies, by acquisition or descent," and, among the gentry are all clergy, all army officers, all University men, all lawyers—"it matters not what their Fathers were, whether Farmers, Shoomakers, Taylors or Tinkers." That last sentence dates from 1577. In the fifty-five years ending 1622 just over 13,560 students matriculated at the University of Oxford. Of these 6,635 were "sons of plebeians"—*i.e.*, of yeomen or lower orders—as against 3,615 listed as sons of gentlemen. Such a fact should dispose of the vulgar error that the old universities catered only for "the upper classes."

Professor Campbell's book is very fully documented, and is the fruit of profound research and a thorough grasp of her period—rarely does one meet a book of such scholarship which also shows so instinctive an understanding of the lives and manners of our ancestors—for, as Miss Campbell points out, some of the greatest names in American history, Adams, for instance, belong to yeoman families.

Mr. Rose's charming book on village life fifty years ago or so is a picture of life which no one who cares for country things should miss. Here is shown the real country, and yet Mr. Rose's village is only fifty miles from London (in Essex I should guess) and when he was a boy London was as remote as it had been two hundred years before. In his life the killing of the pig was an event as it was in Hardy's Dorset; people who were unspoiled by urban contacts cultivated and admired wisdom and sense rather than smartness and cleverness. This world of his, now gone, had its faults; how many and strong were its virtues and beauties can be found in Mr. Rose's prose and Mr. Hookham's drawings.



Walter Rose

ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY—A Survey of Six Centuries, Chaucer to Queen Victoria. By G. M. Trevelyan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1942. 628 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

FOR the student of human beings the Master of Trinity's fine book is a scholarly quiz program several winter evenings long. No history of "the daily life of the inhabitants of the land" can possibly contain all the answers; partly because we don't even know what questions to ask. But here for instance are a few that Professor Trevelyan touches, exemplfying his *mot* that "disinterested intellectual curiosity is the lifeblood of civilization":—What was the English archer's trick with the bow that other armies hadn't learned? What was it that agitated good old Caxton in the dialect of the Kentish farm wife? Why do we still say "Charge!" ordering a dog to lie down? Who was the first painter who painted the waves of the sea as they are and not stylized? What was the democratic influence of the game of cricket in the eighteenth century? The origin of the phrase "by hook or by crook"? Why was sea-coal so called? Was civilization saved because the brown rat exterminated the black rat? Did Robert Louis Stevenson know the difference between a friar and a monk? What religious sect was most prominent in early railway investment? Why did some intelligent people (as late as the Elizabethan Age) think it was a mistake to build chimneys to carry off the smoke? What was the significance of the phrase "John Ball hath rungen your bell"?

This is the kind of history we all used to hanker for in our youth, when all we could get was tables of reigns, battles, and treaties. I have often said to myself that the ideal historians would be old women, since they have the seeing eye for the fulcrum details on which the weights of life are swung. If the Master of Trinity will not misunderstand me I will say that his viewpoint is very like that of some shrewd Madame Thrale who has been watching through a lifetime the humors and tragedies of social behavior. I recall the immortal remark of Stubbs about Constitutional History: "The world's heroes are no heroes to it." Professor Trevelyan reminds us that social change moves like an underground river, obeying its own laws and often disregarding the political pattern on the surface. He tells us the story in a dozen or so

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successive scenes of British life in different eras; conveniently labelling them for personalities who recorded or typified each period. We begin with Chaucer's England, and then follow Caxton's England, Shakespeare's, Defoe's, Dr. Johnson's, Cobbett's, and so on. Their heroes and his are often the obscure diarist or the medieval housewife, the yeoman, the athlete, the policeman, or the miner. One of Professor Trevelyan's most helpful habits is his constant allusion to imaginative literature in its function of unconscious record. From Piers Plowman to John Buchan he knows the whole range. Perhaps no one has ever given a more fair-minded account of the extraordinary part played by the Church—all churches—in our social flow. And with what happy sensibility he hits off a whole era in a phrase. Of the great days of English ecclesiastical architecture, "their towering forests of masonry"; of the character of eighteenth century landscape, "a beautiful equilibrium between man and nature"; of that specially loved century he remarks that "its reading public was just the right size to give great literature its chance." He is severe on the degradation of literature and journalism since 1870 or thereabouts, and suspicious of our modern whirligig of emotional opinion.

The first requisite in a social historian is that he should instinctively notice what most people take for granted. I remember how thrilled I was by Virginia Woolf's casual remark that women's feet looked entirely different in the eighteenth century; they were shaped like tea leaves, she said. Even the cow in the pasture looked quite different to eighteenth century eyes. Trevelyan has the same intuition for divining how things looked to our forefathers and how they felt about them. He is equally fair to those whom Chaucer called "the shitten shepherd and the clene sheep" and traces with a scholar's amenity our change of attitude since the traditional condescension:—

> God bless the Squire and his relations
> And keep us in our proper stations.

Even in the time of Now, when there has been so much handwriting on the wall that the wall collapsed, the pensive reader will find encouragement in this story of twenty generations of mammals in trouble. As the old Ragpicker of Paris exclaimed in the melodrama, "Oh social solicitude!"

Not the least interesting footnote on this book is the fact that for lack of paper in Britain its first publication is in the United States and Canada.

Transplantation in America

MOUNT ALLEGRO. By Jerre Mangione. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1943. 292 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD CORDELL

IT is difficult to imagine publication in 1943 of a book of charming sketches of German-Americans in Chicago or of Japanese-Americans in Los Angeles vigorously resisting Americanization, joyously clinging to old-world attitudes and customs. Yet "Mount Allegro" gaily and sympathetically describes a clannish group of Sicilian-Americans in Rochester, and it is safe to say that few patrioteers and no patriots will be outraged by this book. Is it because we are really incapable of regarding the Italian people as our enemies and are able to concentrate our distaste on Mussolini and his unspeakable daughter and son-in-law?

"Mount Allegro" is not a novel or even a group of short stories, but a collection of a dozen or more humorous, understanding sketches of transplanted Sicilians in America, together with a brief account of the second-generation Sicilian-American author's visit to the land of his ancestors. It is a disillusioning visit among the fascists; the author discovers that the Italians in Rochester have more gaiety than have their cousins in the homeland, and now have as well the blessings of sufficient food, political and personal liberty, and self-respect. There are at times serious undertones of social and political import (the author, for instance, implies that Sicilians do not deserve their bad reputations as murderers and gangsters), but these undertones are never loud, and nearly every page is brushed with humor.

—From the book

Many delightful pages are devoted to family gatherings—gargantuan feasts, noisy card games, and wine-stoked talk of great sound and fury signifying no ill-will. Equally charming is the long chapter on religion. These light-hearted Italians never bother to wonder where religion stops and the crassest superstition begins. Their sunny faith and devotion are purged of all Puritan gloom, and unlike their Irish Catholic neighbors they have no fear of God but a cozy sense of intimacy with him. The gaudy religious festivals are described with gusto, and the author's talent for anecdote is best revealed in accounts of conflicts between the exacting Irish priests and the easy-going Italians. God to them may be eccentric, but he is far too good-natured to be a harsh disciplinarian. Other problems arise when the immigrant children attend the public schools, and when the economic depression of the 1930's touches the modest homes of Mount Allegro. But these childlike, volatile folk do not lose their gaiety and "their warm and easy acceptance of life."

> Sometimes in the night the sickly yellow glow of the factory was in the sky like a smouldering ceiling of sulphur. Underneath it my relatives sang and played guitars and, if they noticed the sky at all, they were reminded of the lemon groves in Sicily.

"Mount Allegro" is illustrated by Peggy Bacon, who catches the characters in their few unhappy moments and provides some morose but amusing sketches. This revival of a fine old custom is to be commended. There are enchanting possibilities. Why cannot George Price illustrate Faulkner's gruesome studies in degeneracy, and Mary Petty decorate Marquand's stories of the genteel of Back Bay! And fancy Steig at work on Hemingway's Big Fry!

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 464)

LINCOLN:

*DOUGLAS OTTAWA DEBATE**
(AUG. 21, 1858)

In this and like communities public sentiment is everything. . . . He who molds public sentiment goes deeper than he who enacts statutes and pronounces decisions. He makes statutes and decisions possible or impossible to be executed.

*I am indebted for this to Sir Norman Angell as I found it, without the source, on the flyleaf of his "Our Unseen Assassins," and learned its source from him through Marshall A. Best of The Viking Press.

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Ten Days That Shook the Heart

THE TIME BETWEEN. By Gale Wilhelm. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1943. 208 *pp.* $2.

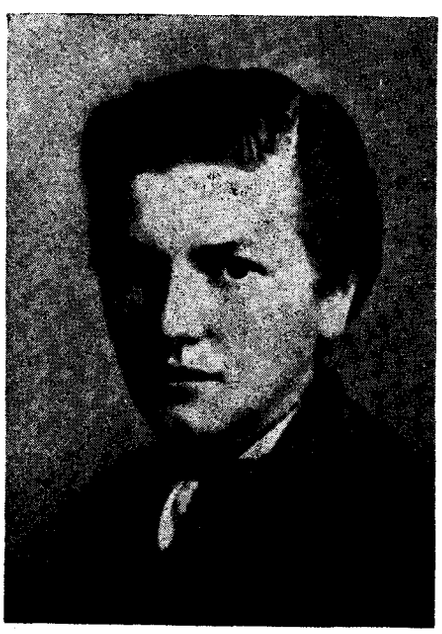
Reviewed by BESS JONES

IN just two hundred and eight pages Miss Wilhelm has compressed a poignant and beautifully built love story which a writer less firmly in control of her material and method could easily have spilled over into twice the length with one-half the result. It covers just ten days of a brilliant young American flyer's leave between recovery from serious wounds in action and a return to duty, ten days that all who love him feel in their hearts are borrowed at usurious interest. To his mother, who wants one last chance at keeping her little boy her own, the leave requires surrender of him to another woman. To his father the time brings proud proof of his son's genuine coming of age, consolation for the hurt of losing so many of these brief hours to a girl. For Clare, who has already lost her husband in the war, the very sight of the flying fool she holds responsible for his death becomes her cue to make the final exit she planned for herself. And to the lovers themselves it is a time to forget that they are "the inside of a coin between the head or tails."

One of those exceptional writers to whom fiction is the devoted exercise of a genuine craft rather than a bloodless cutting to somebody else's pattern, Miss Wilhelm will be a delightful discovery for any reader who has, to his own impoverishment, failed to find her earlier. If her range is not wide, the implications of her theme reach out illimitably. For her subject is essentially the noise that time makes when war has set the inexorable alarm. At almost no point in the development of her story lapsing into the obvious, Miss Wilhelm adopts the rather oblique method of withholding until the needed moment, until the characters themselves call for it, some pertinent fact or detail about their lives before the book begins. So that almost to the last page you are curious about them and are still finding something out about them. It is a method demanding unusual skill, for its aim is to keep moving and unfolding a narrative in which neither plot nor action matter. What matters is feeling, the feeling that is expressed and the feeling each of the characters, for the sake of one, must hide.

Miss Wilhelm's originality in structure would, however, scarcely be enough if it were not matched by equal freshness in prose style. It is wonderfully specific, colloquial, forthright, her dialogue as natural and everyday as if nobody speaking it ever thought of turning up in a book, yet somehow she manages to place on the shoulders of every word and phrase its proper burden of meaning and movement. Only occasionally does she bend its back with the literary or the overwrought. Even her omission of quotation marks, which in the beginning may seem an affectation of modernity, proves exactly right, for what is said and what is left unsaid flow on together in the same stream of feeling.

And finally, Miss Wilhelm has that blessed gift of humor which never confuses whimsy with whimsicality. Little shafts of laughter and fun and joy light up the whole somber reprieve, and towards the end, when the parting might have dwindled into the merely sentimental, she introduces a hilariously funny drunk scene which is a little gem of writing all by itself.



Gale Wilhelm

1943 Anisfield Awards

THE editors announce the 1943 winners of the John Anisfield Awards in Racial Relations, presented annually under the sponsorship of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. The award, which carries $1,000 for each book, goes this year to:

"Dust Tracks on a Road," by Zora Neale Hurston;
"Negroes in Brazil," by Donald Pierson.

This is the ninth year of the awards. From 1934, when Mrs. Edith Wolf, of Cleveland, established a $1,000 annual prize in the memory of her father for a scholarly book published in the field of race relations, to 1941, only one award was made each year. Last year, however, a companion award was established, also for $1,000, for the best book of the year concerned with racial problems in the field of creative literature. Works of fiction, drama, poetry, or biography or autobiography were eligible. Thus Miss Hurston becomes the second recipient of the companion award which last year went to Leopold Infeld, for "Quest: The Personal History of the Evolution of a Scientist." The 1942 winner of the award for the work in scholarly research was James G. Leyburn, for his "The Haitian People."

The committee of judges for both awards consists of Henry Seidel Canby, of *The Saturday Review*, Henry Pratt Fairchild, Professor of Sociology, New York University, and Donald Young, of the Social Science Research Council.

It may be observed that the awards have an especial timeliness this year. Racial relations intertwined with nationalism might almost be said to be the theme of this war and one of the major problems of the peace. We have had our own solution in this country. In some respects, it has worked remarkably well, but in others it has been only an experiment, not a conclusion. Nothing has more sharply emphasized the democratic problem which we inherited from slavery than the pressures of our present crisis and the obvious need of putting our own house in order before we talk too much of Americanism as a cultural and political success.

Hence the fact that two good books about Negroes—among the very large number of volumes in this field submitted for the awards—have been deemed worthy of the prizes is of some significance. One is an admirable autobiography revealing the flexibility, the sensitiveness, and the emotional color of the Negro race in America. The other is a careful and sympathetic study of another great problem in racial relations in a neighboring republic, now closely affiliated with us in the war endeavor, where the circumstances, the solutions, and the results have been different from ours and hence highly instructive for us. We strongly recommend the reading of both these books.

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The Refinery People

DANGER KEEP OUT. By Edward J. Nichols. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1943. 288 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BENJAMIN APPEL

"OIL, now just keeps flowing; it's on the jump and everybody takes a hand all the time to make it come out right." This quotation from Mr. Nichols's novel just about describes what the author accomplishes. This book about an oil refinery in Whiting, Indiana, in the years 1921-1922 concerns itself mainly with the plant's many-handed effort to keep pace with the increasing gasoline demands of an America becoming a nation on wheels. The plant, itself, is a complex hand of many skills, still-men, boiler-makers, machinists, welders, girls at the grease works, efficiency experts and chemists; new Americans from Poland, Croatia, Italy and old Americans of Scotch and English descent; they include Gus Hammer, the Dutchman, who had all the guts in the world but whose mind was riveted to the production methods of the 1910's and the chemist, Dr. Smarts, whose mind envisioned the technology of the 1940's and '50's; a varied and dynamic company of Americans concentrated in one of the twentieth century's leading industries.

Nichols knows his refinery people and his style has the flow and power of the industry he has selected to write about. The trouble is we never see his people in depth or intensity. He merely uses his characters to weld together the significant facts of one crucial year in the history of oil refining. The plant is the hero of this book but no writer of fiction can afford to slight the people in the plant without piping off the flow of life. For the flow of life —the shifting, fascinating story of human beings in motion—is the most vital element in fiction writing no matter what one of man's industries an author picks for his novel. The bricklayers in di Donato's "Christ In Concrete" are not easily forgotten; di Donato wrote too revealingly of the home life and the drinking life and fiesta life of his people. William Rollins Sr., in "The Shadow Before," wrote revealingly of the clash of labor and management in the textile industry. In "The Foundry," by Albert Halper, the inter-relation between the foundry and the foundry people was fully realized; this included the three owners as well as the workers. But after noting Nichols's limitation, I can still say that his novel is decidedly worth reading.

What has his book got? It has an all-around tempered understanding of industrial forces at work on men. After the money pours in, the refinery's better-paid workers begin to improve the looks of their front yards and later:

Edward J. Nichols

> Now only the back yards were open for exploitation, and a machinist began the trend there. He built a little pool for goldfish and in the center he placed a blue glass ball. So out went the dog kennels and the chicken houses.

And:

> When you thought about Gus Hammer, you saw him up on the catwalks over the condenser boxes sniffing for vapor leaks, or trotting down along the firing line, or in the receiving house eyeing the flow of distallate through the meters.

This is the same Gus Hammer who never vacations on his vacation but stays at home and times the plant's whistles on his watch. We are given good muscled pictures of men at work, of the danger they accept with their pay envelopes. "Now that the men were getting closer to the center of the fire, pretty soon there might be more bulges, maybe sometimes not enough to make a bulge." Nichols knows why men in industry are burnt into bulges. "Sayers or somebody will keep pressing us for production to compete with more modern units in other companies and these old shells just can't stand up under it, that's all." The time is the 1920's when the oil industry was shifting over from the old production methods to the new science. The fire that made bulges out of seven men and sent seventeen others to the hospital was also responsible for the coming of the chemists.

This novel is a good blueprint of what happened to the oil refining industry in the period after the World War. It is also more than a blueprint; it is this *more* that should make Nichols's next novel worth looking ahead to.

Without Anchorage

MR. TIBBS PASSES THROUGH. By Robert Neumann. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc. 1943. 255 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by A. C. RICHARDS

ROBERT NEUMANN belongs to that select and honored group of authors whose books have been banned or burned in Germany. "Mr. Tibbs Passes Through" is the first of his books to be written in English—the first draft was written slowly and laboriously in an English internment camp. It is the distress and ugliness of war recollected in tranquillity, or semi-tranquillity. The harshness and feverish eloquence of the popular "By the Waters of Babylon" are missing, also the prolixity, for the cramping difficulties of an unfamiliar language demanded frugality and exactness. The novelist confesses that he abandoned his native tongue to protest against German deeds, and "to escape the curse of otherness, to throw bridges over the abyss of loneliness." Moreover he was becoming uncomfortably aware of the facileness and easy brilliance of his latest successes; he wanted to achieve depth of thought and sincerity of heart. His exile gave him the opportunity, but the way was hard—"having to grope for every word, to fight for every rhythm, to despair at every metaphor." He can well be proud of his mastery of English; it is difficult to see how any word or idiom could be challenged.

This beautifully written novel is not altogether satisfying, partly because of its brevity, which does not permit its characters enough room to expand, and partly because of its confusion of methods. A brilliant expressionistic section will be followed by a straightforward passage; then the narrative will float into gaseous wistfulness or melt into suggestive but vague prose-poetry. In spite of a consistently rhythmical and heightened prose, which never becomes florid, this eclecticism of method is a bit confusing and annoying. Like Mr. Tibbs the novel has a haunting and curious detachment from the "so-called realities, a tendency to blot out the borderline between them and the unreal that lay beyond. There they were, like the efforts of a fanciful and careless watercolor painter, floating into one another, gaily unhindered."

As in "The Moon Is Down" the locale is indefinite, although the characters' names are soundly British. Of a snake-like procession of nearly two hundred cars loaded with refugees which crawls up the valley, one car remains, and the strange Tibbs family rests in an upland village sixty

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miles from the front. The eccentric Mr. Tibbs, who has long dodged family ties and emotions—even life itself—is forced to become acquainted with his family of fierce individualists; he as well as his daughters becomes involved in local adventures. The novel is more tender and suggestive than realistic. For example, in spite of the frequent use of the stream-of-consciousness method the characters rarely think of the war, which is twenty seconds' flight-time from their homes; food is plentiful, even imported items. But "Mr. Tibbs Passes Through" is not a realistic war novel; it is an exquisitely told story of a family of drifters trying to find an anchorage and an understanding of themselves and one another.

Hilda Vaughan's Country People

PARDON AND PEACE. By Hilda Vaughan. New York: Duell, Sloan, & Pearce. 1943. 272 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD ELLIS

FOR more than three quarters of its too brief length, the narrative and characterization of this book reach the high level of Hilda Vaughan's other work: that work has no superior in modern English fiction for directness, simplicity of vision, and a certain sad tenderness towards cads and fools, so long as their folly is human. The last quarter of the novel is really a Russian novelist's theme, and needs more space than Miss Vaughan gives it; her brief treatment, tender as it is, fails to convince.

Mark Osbourne, when the book opens in 1920, has come to a remote Welsh village where, six years earlier, in August 1914, he and a girl fell in love at first sight, met twice, and parted. He comes back to claim a bride, . . . during all the years of the war he has never known even her name . . . and finds her a woman, sad, frustrated, undeveloped, married to a cousin, Griffith, her childhood's companion, now an invalid of the war, in whom Mark sees a sinister resemblance to himself. Flora has cherished her memory of Mark—given him up as dead, as her brothers and so many young men friends are dead. She has married out of pity, not out of love, and serves a sick husband, a loving but exacting old father, and a sickly child out of pity, not out of love. Throughout the book, expressed through the wise sayings of Flora's old nurse, Charity Evans, runs the theme that love is the only sure source of giving and the only true pledge of taking.

Mark is a nervous, ill-disciplined, angry man who wishes Flora to leave all for him; and, with an irony new to her writing, Miss Vaughan gently insinuates that, while he curses Griffith and old Treowain for their selfishness and dependence on Flora, he has little else to offer her. He is a painter, and paints Flora's portrait, and as their intimacy increases, one day she yields to his persistent pleas and is faithless to her husband. Neither for her own joy, nor Mark's. For she cannot make a clear-cut decision; and when, at last, the death of her child and her father, seems to leave her free, it is too late; for Mark's stupidity and impatience have entangled him with a poor, little ill-bred flirt, desperately fond of him. I found this whole episode with Connie unnecessary. Mark is unpleasant and difficult enough without it: and the accidental murder of Griffith by Mark could have occurred anyhow.

There is a vitality in Miss Vaughan's country people which should make her a favorite author with those who love the books of Sheila Kaye-Smith.

Hilda Vaughan

Priestley Thriller

BLACK-OUT IN GRETLEY. By J. B. Priestley. New York: Harper & Bros. 1942. 273 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

DIRTY work was being done in Gretley, a North Midlands industrial town. Information regarding the hush-hush activities of "the huge new Belton-Smith aircraft factory" and the "big Charters Electrical Company" was leaking through to the enemy. English fifth columnists, as well as Nazi agents, were suspected. So Humphrey Neyland, of the British counter-espionage service, was sent to Gretley to find what he could find.

And he found plenty, at least in the way of characters: handsome Mrs. Jesmond, with a nice taste in R.A.F. lads and active in the black market; a swarthy foreign-looking fat man, named Timon, who had, surprisingly, a Manchester accent; elderly Mr. Perigo, given to rouged cheeks and stressed sibilants; Miss Axton, blonde and stately, who kissed with impersonal expertness; Sheila Castleside, concealing a past, who kissed in gratitude; Dr. Bauerstern, female and German, who was not given to kissing at all; and a number of others. He met murder, too: murder that twice masqueraded as accident.

To Gretley went Neyland, and found and conquered, with an admitted lack of subtlety and a full measure of good luck. Indeed, one trembles a little as one reads of this counter-espionage agent, wondering if he, fictional character though he is, can be typical of his kind. And then one realizes, of course, that he can't be: the United Nations must be doing a smoother job than that. Neyland in Gretley was just about as conspicuous as C. E. M. Joad's beard would be in a nunnery.

Mr. Priestley has written the story with his left hand, while the rest of his articulate self has been busy getting on with the war. He has decorated the tale, as one might ice a cake, with tasty bits of "social significance." But icing and cake are not of a piece. The cake, or the tale, is just another who-done-it. The plot is run-of-the-mill, but the fact that the author is a born story-teller is a help. And all expert readers of mystery yarns will, while reading this one, enjoy the minor pleasure of anticipating Mr. Priestley's every "revelation." But some alphabetical bureau in Washington should crack down on the blurb writer who, unaware of a threatening paper shortage, has used paper, coated stock, to announce that this trivial, unpretentious story "will rank as a classic." That sort of thing comes close to giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

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LUCE THINKING

THIS page has worried about a wide variety of things in the past, many of them—perhaps too many—outside the strict boundaries of books, but we feel we need fumble for no alibis or excuses in discussing Clare Booth Luce and her highly seasoned maiden effort upon the floor of Congress. After all, the lady is or was once a writer and as such made her successful campaign for Capitol Hill. And what writers do, *Q.E.D.*, is our business no less than it is the business of Congress. But if that still doesn't give us a legitimate opportunity to sound off on Clare Luce, we can always fall back upon the device of reviewing her talk via an annotative footnote.*

First, the word "Globaloney." Even though it is clear from her talk that she invented the term to apply only to "much of what Mr. Wallace calls his global thinking," and not to global thinking in general, the term is worse than merely a surprising lapse in good taste, worse than merely a labored and lame attempt to be smart-alecky at a time when sober analysis is called for. It is a disservice to the nation, a curious and unforgivable insult to Americans who happen to be fighting and dying in a global war, and who will have to fight and die again in other global wars unless the world is able to make a global peace and make it stick. It is a word which not only plays into, but strengthens, the hands of the seclusionists and troglodytes who, had their advice been followed, would have brought America to such a pass that makes one shudder to contemplate it. These are the seers who predicted England's downfall, who opposed and still oppose aid to the people who are fighting our fight as well as their own; these are the men of vision and intellect who think that all you have to do to stay out of war is to pass a law agin' it; these are the stalwarts who sought to block lend-lease, conscription, and conversion to a war economy—to say nothing of co-operation among the United Nations; these are the planners and thinkers who are apparently more afraid of peace than they are of the war itself.

And these, finally, are the men to whom Mrs. Luce has presented, intentionally or otherwise, the type of ammunition for which they have been waiting: a convenient millstone to be hung around the neck of anyone who speaks of the coming peace in world terms. Already "globaloney" has become the magic watchword of even those newspapers that are comparatively lukewarm and middle-of-the-ground on the subject of international coöperation. Like "boondoggle," which characterized only one aspect of the public works program but was soon tacked on to anything having to do with unemployment relief, "globaloney" will be used to ridicule and smear any effort of the government—or, indeed, efforts from any quarter—to talk realistically about the coming peace.

The argument that Mrs. Luce's speech, when read as a whole, is itself an elaboration upon one phase of global thinking—America's destiny in the air—does not mitigate but indeed enlarges the size and scope of what is undoubtedly one of the most inexplicable blunders to come from a floor which has had a generous share of that commodity in recent years. At best—or worst—this would mean that Clare Luce was willing to impale her own ideas on the altar of a wisecrack. And if it should be said on her behalf that she never suspected that her anomalous invention would be lifted out of context and broadcast to the far corners of the country as her principal contribution to national unity; if such is the case, Mrs. Luce has been curiously unaware of the facts of life as they relate to the habits and customs of the very world of the press in which it was reasonably suspected she had moved with ease and *savoir faire* for so long a time. Nor is it any consolation to say that Mrs. Luce has managed with this one speech rather effectively to place in her way an obstacle of such size as to provoke some wonder as to whether she may have jeopardized so early in the game what had seemed a career of conspicuous promise. Perhaps even more serious than that, from her own point of view, is the clear feeling that she has driven off in a body many of her own friends and well-wishers who are doubtless as puzzled by her talk as *The Chicago Tribune* is delighted.

Concerning the material in the speech itself, we confess our feeling that it is not so deep as it is broad. Mrs. Luce draws an alarming picture for America in the air world of the future should the present administration have its way, since, according to the gentlewoman from Connecticut, officials such as Mr. Wallace are talking of freedom of the air in terms which are inconsistent with "sovereignty of the air" for the United States. It appears that Mrs. Luce believes that the United States, which most people will admit hasn't been too feeble in the development of aviation since it was born in this country, will be unable to compete with the rest of the wise and wicked world if left to itself. She looks forward into time and space and sees, let her say in 1949, huge air liners from foreign nations putting in at our airports in the Midwest; she can see "the air liner *Queen Elizabeth* put in, the *Stalin Iron Cruiser*, the *Wilhelmina Flying Dutchman*, the *Flying DeGaulle*, the airships of all the nations on earth—perhaps even those of the German and Jap. But shall I scan, like Sister Anne, the skies in vain, searching for the shape of an American clipper against the clouds?"

This, we submit, is perhaps the most unabashed confession of a national inferiority complex since "The Wave of the Future." And it is all the more surprising since it comes from one who once wrote perhaps the most cogent reply to that particular tract it was our pleasure to read. Nor do we get at all the relevancy of the analogy between the policy of freedom of the seas, as she interprets it, and the policy of freedom of the air, also as she interprets it.

What she offers in the way of a solution is difficult to get a handle-hold on, but there is an apparent call-to-arms for what is little more than a rough-and-tumble imperialism of the air, where we shall try to get much and give little. She talks about the need for an American "sovereignty of the air," but she is remarkably free of any realization that the thing works both ways, that reciprocity is the key to the air of tomorrow, and that unless we can come to some understanding with other nations along the lines of *mutual* benefit we may be left with a lot of pretty planes all dressed up with nowhere to go. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Mrs. Luce's argument holds air but no water. To change the metaphor, neither does it stand on its own feet. Which is perhaps understandable since it is built in the form of an inverted and unwieldy pyramid, with the base not much larger than the point of a pin.

N. C.

**AMERICA'S DESTINY IN THE AIR. By Clare Booth Luce. The Congressional Record. Washington, D. C.: U. S. Government Printing Office. 1943. 30 min.*

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Mrs. Colum Answers Cecil Roberts

SIR:—It is a duty to correct grave misrepresentations in the review of Hone's "Life of Yeats," by Cecil Roberts, an English writer at present in this country, published in *The Saturday Review* of February 13th. What Mr. Roberts sets down as evidence culled from the book shows that either he did not read this authorized biography very carefully or else that he wantonly allowed his mind to wander off into fictioneering. Let me deal with a few items in his review. He opens by announcing that Yeats said that Wordsworth was "a great humbug." Yeats did not say this (see page 142). Yeats's comment was about Wordsworth's technique and not about his character. What he did say was that, compared with Bridges—a great and scholarly technician in verse as every student of poetry knows—Wordsworth was "a clumsy humbug." He was out of sorts at the time, his biographer tells us, and in other parts of the book we have his considered judgment of Wordsworth whose work he had carefully studied. He wrote to his father, "He (Wordsworth) strikes me as always destroying his poetic experience, which was of course of incomparable value, by his reflective power."

Next item from Mr. Roberts. "The cossetted poet with financially opportune ladies." Yeats had many intellectually distinguished women friends, and of these two or three were wealthy. Lady Gregory helped him financially when he was giving his energies without pay to the creation of an Irish national theatre, and for some time before. From the proceeds of a lecture tour in America, as is quite well known, he paid back this debt to her. Here it is in order to mention that he never received a cent for his services as a director of the Abbey Theatre where he worked arduously. Then his friend, Miss Horniman, guaranteed the publisher of a collected edition of Yeats's work against a deficit. To Mr. Roberts this might seem like "cossetting" the publisher. It is greatly to Miss Horniman's credit as a discriminating lover of poetry and drama that she should have done this. She was an Englishwoman who deplored the habit of a certain type of Englishman of attacking Irish writers without rhyme or reason. In justice it should be stated that among the higher representatives of English literature and English statesmanship were some of Yeats's greatest and most generous admirers. Miss Horniman's gesture was also a protest against the underestimation of Yeats by certain political factions in Ireland. If Mr. Roberts has any private information of any other "financially opportune ladies" than these two, perhaps he will divulge it.

Meanwhile I continue my quotation from his review: he refers to Yeats as "the Irish rebel in receipt of a British pension." Mr. Roberts seems to have forgotten that when Yeats received a grant from the Civil List, Ireland and Great Britain formed a single state called the United Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland and were a fiscal unity. Ireland was ruled and taxed from Westminster, heavily overtaxed as was admitted by English ministers and prime ministers. Yeats was one of a number of literary men, all except a couple being English, who received seven hundred and fifty dollars (150 pounds) per anumn of the British-Irish taxpayers' money, and it would be just as sensible to say, as was indeed said by certain Irish, that Tennyson, who had offended them by a line in one of his poems, was supported by the Irish taxpayers. This sort of abuse was indulged in by ignorant and malicious men on both sides.

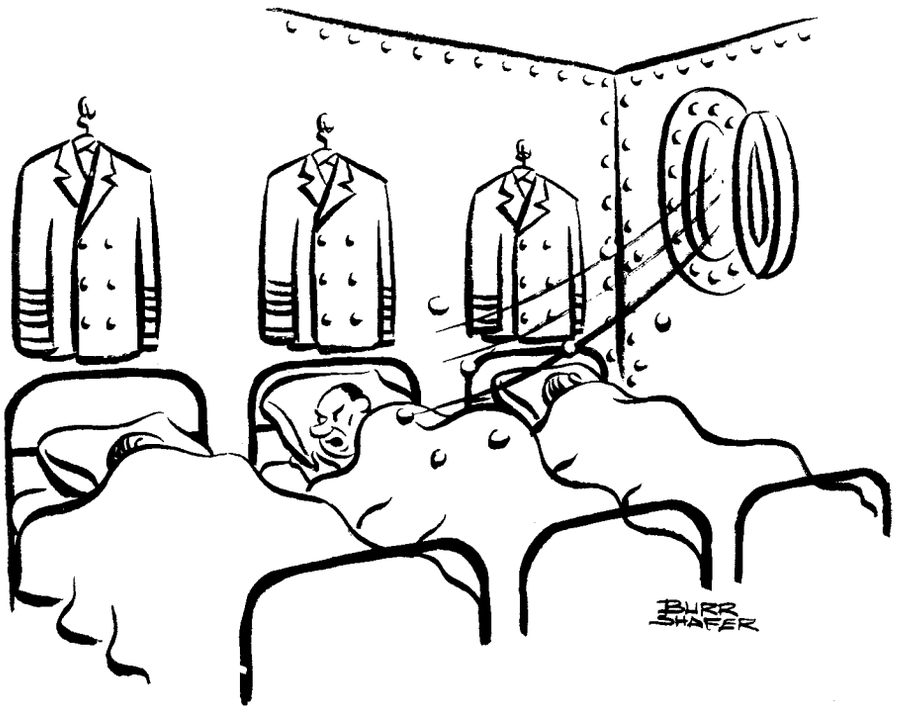
Mr. Roberts's remark about "American financial settlements" is also awry. There were no financial settlements. In the last couple of years of Yeats's life when his health was poor, some Irish and Irish-Americans—no others were asked to contribute—got together some money, chiefly to enable him to spend his winters in a milder climate than Ireland. The sum sent to him, as the committee concerned could inform Mr. Roberts, was in all less than five thousand dollars. This actually is the only money Yeats ever accepted as a gift from anyone outside his own family. Mr. Roberts's comment about his treading tight ropes and not being prepared to sacrifice "either of his publics" is simply humbug. Yeats had publics in many countries, and these being people of intellect and discrimination were interested primarily in his work. A poet. Mr. Roberts evidently needs to be informed, gains his public, not by social stunts as he implies, or tact, tactics, or politics, but by his poetry. Yeats was a man of the greatest courage and quite outspoken as to his convictions artistically and politically. Everybody knew he was an Irish nationalist. The bare minimum that should be done for a great poet was done for Yeats. It is a mark against his own country that when it gained control over its own revenues it did not give him a pension for his forty years' service to Irish culture. But the American government gives no recognition to its outstanding poets, either.

As to Mr. Roberts's discovery of "wobbly rhythms and bad rhymes"—this just bowls me over, and I am not sure that a course in prosody, let alone any remarks of mine, would be of any help to him. As far as poetry is concerned he seems to be invincibly ignorant. Readers who are in the way of understanding great attainments in verse will realize the mastery in lines like these of Yeats's.—

> This is no country for old men; the young
> In one another's arms; birds in the trees—
> These dying generations—at their song,
> The mackerel falls, the salmon-crowded seas.

But really I must stop at this point, for it must seem to readers of *The Saturday Review of Literature* nothing short of preposterous that I or anybody should have to defend Yeats's technical accomplishment against the weird judgments of Cecil Roberts.

MARY M. COLUM.



"Hastings is only a Rear Admiral. Let's make *him* close it."

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TRADE Winds

A DARK BLUE SEDAN, containing Marc Connelly and a group of film notables, was creeping down the blacked-out highway from Los Angeles to San Diego recently, when the driver noticed somebody on the road waving for help. An old jalopy had run out of gas, and a family of gypsies stood by disconsolately. Connelly volunteered to drive one of the party into San Diego to summon a tow car, and an old crone smiled her thanks and climbed into the sedan. She was silent all the way to town, but just before Connelly dropped her at a garage, she offered to pay her share of the gasoline consumed. Her offer was refused, of course, and in gratitude she suggested that she read the palm of somebody in the party.

"Never mind that," said Connelly. "But if you really want to tell us something, you might name the date on which the war is going to end." The gypsy stared at him intently for a moment, and then intoned very slowly, "The war will end exactly nine months from the day you have a corpse in this automobile!"

Connelly and his friends went about their business in San Diego. The next day, on their way North, they came upon a bad wreck. Several people had been injured in the head-on collision of a truck and a station wagon. Marc bundled the woman who had been hurt most seriously into the back seat of his car, and set off at top speed for the nearest hospital. By the time he reached there, the woman was dead.

The date of this occurrence was December 23, 1942.

That's Marc Connelly's story. Take it or leave it! . . .

I REMEMBER ANOTHER rather grim story that was told me by André Malraux, in a little workmen's rendezvous in Paris, near the Rue de Lappe. A flickering candle dripped a widening stain of acrid grease on the checkered tablecloth while he was talking, and an old man with a red beret was plucking the strings of a guitar in the corner in a sad and aimless fashion. We had been talking about World's Fairs, and the discussion drifted back to the Paris Exposition of the last generation. It was at this Fair, said Malraux, that the fastest scenic railway ever constructed was featured. The old fellow with the guitar, in fact, had helped to build it.

"And rode it, too?" I suggested.

"No," was the answer. "He never rode it. That is what I want to tell you about. The man who owned this concession had a mania for speed. He said this ride they were building for him had to be the fastest in the world. For a long time architects and engineers experimented and conferred on plans for a ride that would outspeed the wind.

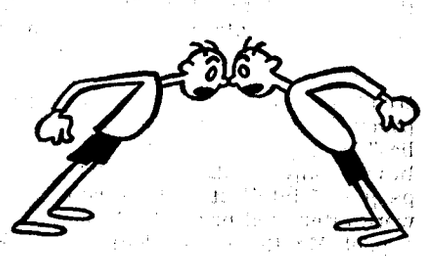
"Finally, the blueprints were completed, with all the dips and curves and angles calculated to make the cars whiz around the course at a whirlwind pace. When the structure was still in rude state, the new, shiny red cars were sent shooting along the tracks, equipped with instruments and freighted with sand bags approximating the weight of the human cargoes that would be borne when the Fair was opened.

"The last nail in the structure was driven home. In keeping with the custom in such cases, those who had built the racer were entitled to the first ride. There was a scramble for seats. Our friend wasn't agile enough, and had to wait for the next time around. The car started on its dizzy ride, the men in it laughing and cheering.

"He and the others who were left behind heard the car whirl around the curves and roar down the drops as they jostled one another to get near the head of the line for the next ride. Then it pulled into view and rolled to an automatic stop. But there was no answer to the onlookers' yells and eager questions. Not one of the passengers stirred.

"I don't know who rushed forward first. I know that the old fellow over there found himself shaking the shoulders of his closest friend. The others followed suit. One after another the heads of the passengers wobbled loosely on their chests—or back, too far back—or to one side or the other. Every neck had been broken—snapped like a glass stem—on those sharp curves that had been tested only with sand bags!"

The old man sensed that we were talking about him. He smiled at us—a sad, fleeting smile. His fingers never stopped their aimless plucking of the guitar strings . . .



ONE OF THE MOST completely charming and moving books of this, or any other season, is William Saroyan's "The Human Comedy." Its theme is vaguely similar to MacKinlay Kantor's "Happy Land," but it is so much more profound and better written that further comparison would be unfair to both books . . . Ruth McKenney's first full-length novel is scheduled for publication this week. It is called "Jake Home," and is a far cry from her gay stories about "My Sister Eileen." Miss McKenney, it develops, is embarrassed by the tag of humorist that was pinned on her as a result of "Eileen's" spectacular success . . . Another outstanding entry of the coming week is Isaac Don Levine's biography of General Billy Mitchell. Levine is credited in many circles with having a hand—some say a whole right arm—in the preparation of the manuscript of Jan Valtin's "Out of the Night." . . .

THE WRITER'S DIGEST Publishing Company, of 22 East 12 Street, Cincinnati, has published an invaluable guide for authors called "The Writer's Market." It is edited by A. M. Mathieu, and includes the names, addresses, rates of payment, and editorial requirements of 2500 publishers in the market for manuscripts today. Fields covered include magazines, books, syndicates, trade journals, and the stage, screen, and radio . . . Philip Duschnes, of 507 Fifth Avenue, has published a complete list of Limited Editions Club books from 1929 through 1942, with current prices of same. Ask for catalogue number fifty-five . . . The H. W. Wilson Company sponsors a monumental biographical dictionary of modern literature, called "Twentieth Century Authors." It's 1577 pages long, and was edited by Stanley J. Kunitz and Howard Haycraft. It contains 1850 biographies, and one day we propose to devote an entire column to some of the rather startling facts we discovered in some of them . . .

WHEN ONE WAR CORRESPONDENT praises another's writings, that's news! Listen to what Robert St. John says about Frank Gervasi: "Frank has that indescribable touch on the typewriter which makes the finished product crackle like a piece of cellophane . . . He is a million little springs, all stuffed into a five-foot-nine human form and wound up to the breaking point . . . He is a great foreign correspondent!" . . .

REYNAL AND HITCHCOCK consider "The Little Prince," written and drawn by Antoine de Saint Exupéry, to be "the most exciting prospect on their Spring list." . . . Simon and Schuster are cooking up a pooled literary work based on the themes of the Ten Commandments. The idea was inspired by an ultimatum made several years ago

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by Adolf Hitler to the effect that the Ten Commandments must be destroyed. There will be ten stories—each based on one of the Commandments—by as many different authors. Luminaries already signed for the project include Thomas Mann, Sigrid Undset, Franz Werfel, and Rebecca West. We have never yet read a potpourri of this sort that amounted to a damn, but this one seems to have a better chance than most. The announcement reminded us of the gloomy private who pondered over a sermon he had just heard on the Ten Commandments. Suddenly he brightened. "At least," he said to himself, "I have never created a graven image!"

RESEARCH ON Harriet Beecher Stowe's life for Helen Hayes's new play disclosed the fact that the author was the victim of both play and book pirates. First serial rights to "Uncle Tom's Cabin" netted her a paltry $300.00 from the *National Era,* an anti-slavery publication in Washington. She never received a penny for the dramatic rights, although her play was one of the most popular in the history of the American theatre. She fared better on the book rights, receiving a straight ten per cent royalty on the American edition. Some employees of Putnam's sent a copy of the book to London and received five pounds for their trouble. The English sale ultimately went far over the million mark, but nary a farthing did Mrs. Stowe realize as a result thereof . . .

ELISABETH YAGER of the Bobbs-Merrill Company writes that Mark James's "Biography of a Business," the story of a 150-year-old insurance company, and Bob Casey's "Torpedo Junction" were manufactured at the same time. There was a mix-up at the bindery and a signature of the insurance book was bound into every copy of the first run of "Torpedo Junction." The mistake was caught before serious damage was done, but Mark James got hold of one of the defective copies, and inscribed it to Casey. "Dear Bob," he wrote, "I've wanted to collaborate with you on a book ever since we began together on the copy desk of the old Chicago *Inter-Ocean.* If you will consult page 368 of this volume, you will see that the bindery brought it about for us!" . . . The eagle-eyed Joseph Dunlop found a book on mushrooms catalogued in the C.C.N.Y. Library under the provocative title of "A Manual of Washroom Culture." . . .

A STORY PRINTED RECENTLY in this column about the deaf man who met the son of a bishop brought us an interesting note from Earnest Elmo Calkins. Deaf people have a little publication called *The Volta Review,* the official organ of the hypacusics, which often turns up tales of this description. The one Mr. Calkins uses to best effect himself is the story of three deaf gentlemen aboard a train bound for London. "What station is this?" inquires the first gentleman at a stop. "Wembly," answers the guard. "Heavens!" says the second, "I thought it was Thursday!" "So am I," exclaims the third. "Let's all have a drink!"

BENNETT CERF.

"We figger the books will last longer."

PRAISE FOR
THE NEW BOOK BY
EARNEST
Hooton

"This popular book on monkeys and such is informative and amusing at the same time, as one would expect from this author. The book is magnificently illustrated with photographs."
—JOHN COURNOS,
New Haven *Register*

"Hooton once more hits the stride of 'Up From the Ape'; in the present volume he strides with the seven-league boots of factual knowledge and warm understanding. In words of one syllable: *It is a swell book.*"
—PROFESSOR W. M. KROGMAN,
Secretary, Section on Anthropology, American Association for the Advancement of Science

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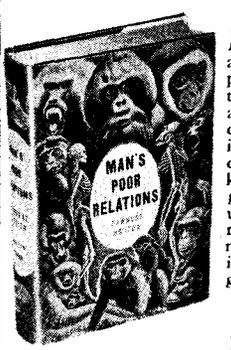

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The Phoenix Nest

CUTHBERT BEDE is by no means to be confused with the Venerable Bede—we remember a pun from the slang of our college days, which made out that someone was "stringing" him!—no, Cuthbert was really one Edward Bradley, who was curate, vicar, and rector successively, and died in Lincolnshire at the age of sixty-two. Also he wrote a book we highly prized in our youth, "The Adventures of Verdant Green," a comic yarn of life in the Oxford of his day. He drew pictures too, rather as did Thackeray, and illustrated most of his own immortal works. Now we are in possession of "Little Mr. Bouncer," the sequel to "Verdant Green," including "Tales of College Life." Perhaps some of you recall the ingratiating figure of little Mr. Bouncer, with his mortarboard and the long tin post-horn on which he "went the complete unicorn" and "sounded his octaves" outside Mr. Green's sported oak, accompanied by his bull-terriers Huz and Buz. Or you may remember the excellent caricature he executed in burnt cork on the staircase wall, of "Ye Master of Bellyol." You may bring to mind how he used to light one of the proscribed cigars from his fusee-box; and of course you know all about posting an aeger, or sick-excuse, or paying your ticks. In one of the "Tales" is a rhyme describing a cabby's cursing which might be useful to us today:

> Filthy Conjunctions, and dissolute Nouns
> And Particles pick'd from the kennels of towns,
> With Irregular Verbs for irregular jobs,
> Chiefly Active in rows and mobs,
> Picking Possessive Pronouns' fobs;
> And Interjections as bad as a blight,
> Or an Eastern blast, to the blood and the sight.

"Yankee Doodle"

Recently in consulting Professor Foster Damon of Brown about the origins of "Yankee Doodle" we heard of "Corn Cobs" with the Tom o' Bedlam refrain, as sung by the famous "Yankee" Hill in the 1830s, the refrain having appeared first in a pre-Revolutionary broadside. But the other day, picking up an old childhood favorite, "Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates" by Mary Mapes Dodge, on page 33 we came upon the following:

> In short, almost the only familiar thing we Yankees can meet with in Holland is a harvest-song, which is quite popular there, though no linguist could translate it. Even then, we must shut our eyes, and listen only to the tune, which I leave you to guess.
>
> *"Yanker didee dudel down*
> *Didee dudel lawnter;*
> *Yankee viver, voover, vown,*
> *Botermelk und Tawnter!"*

Those Aborigines

P. E. G. Quercus and Harvey Officer are both after us about those lines by Arthur Guiterman we recently quoted. We give you their missives. First, Quercus:

> I agree with all you say about our lovable old friend Arthur Guiterman. He did not *originate* the famous gag about knees-aborigines; Bartlett attributes it to W. M. Evarts, also O. W. Holmes, and I somehow have a feeling that Macaulay used it?? The oldtime novel I couldn't remember the day of the CEA meeting was John Hay's "The Breadwinners" (c. 1883) which has incredibly amusing descriptions of the white collar girl of that era.

Now, Harvey Officer:

> I've always been an admirer of Guiterman's delightful rhymes, but it is hardly fair to attribute to him the lines you quote. He did indeed put the idea into rhyme, but the rhyme was there already when William Maxwell Evarts (1818-1901) wrote: "The pious ones of Plymouth, who, reaching the Rock, first fell upon their own knees and then upon the aborigines." Evarts's words were quoted to me by my aunt at least fifty years ago. It was Evarts who made them "immortal."

From California, Ben Ray Redman gives us the following lucid explanation of the poem by Edwin Arlington Robinson by which we had said we were baffled not to say buffaloed.

> I must say I'm astonished to learn that "The Whip" baffles you. Here are a few clues to the poem's meaning that were given me by Robinson one afternoon while we were having tea, much to the annoyance of stalled traffic, in the very middle of Queensboro' Bridge: The poem relates to the poet's first venture into the Stock Market, shortly after he came to New York. The "whip" is a symbol for "margin"—that is the whip that a broker holds over a customer who is trading on margin. The "she" of the poem is the broker into whose hands Robinson fell. (He explained the substitution of "she" for "he" as "at once a poetic necessity and a neo-romantic whim." "She struck the blow,/ You but a neck behind. . . ." *i.e.*, the broker sold Robinson out, after he had repeatedly put up more margin, and was in the very act of answering the final call. The "coffin" is bankruptcy; the "clod" is the Civil Service. The "roses" are a dozen American beauties, found by Robinson in an ash-can on 4th Street, and given by him to a girl whom he playfully called "the wave" because she was always happiest following the fleet. [Thereby anticipating the terminology of the present War: *Ed.*] The "lover" was the late Anthony Comstock, and the object of his love, unmentioned in the poem, is, obviously, pornography plain and fancy.

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The "mistress" has no connection with the "lover," but is the poet's own mistress,—that is, Immortal Poesy. The "slave" is a charwoman who used to cadge drinks from Robinson when he was in funds. I could go on and explain the whole poem line by line, but I can scarcely imagine your finding any difficulty now that I have put these leads into your hands.

Call the Dies Committee!

It is also possible that there may be a Communistic, and what certain Southern senators call "negrophile," tinge to this poem that would bear investigation by the Dies Committee, to which our open-mouthed Congressmen have just granted a lot more of our money. We call it earnestly to the Committee's attention, as it may be very subversive. We also think it only right to acquaint the Dies Committee with the fact that an extremely dangerous sentiment has been voiced by a man of the name of Lincoln who hails from somewhere out in Illinois. In a widely circulated document—and the man holds—or held—public office in Washington, and is presumably a bureaucrat of the most pernicious type, he had printed for distribution the following statement:

> This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it.

We believe this document is called "First Inaugural Address," or something like that. They say this Lincoln fellow is just one of the proletariat. Anyway, he should be got after! And just a word, too, to a blinde Congresswoman—excuse it, we meant *blonde!* What she calls with such gobbling sparkle "globaloney" was actually started by Sir Francis Drake in the "Golden Hynde," 1577-1581, when he sailed through the Straits of Magellan, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and completed the circumnavigation of the globe. However, it was Ferdinand of Spain who first felt the way our Congresswoman does. An early American poet, Philip Freneau, put the words into Philip's mouth in these lines:

> What would this madman have, this odd projector!
> A wild address I have today attended,
> Mingling its folly with our great affairs,
> Dreaming of islands and new hemispheres
> Plac'd on the ocean's verge, we know not where—
> What shall I do with this petitioner?

His Minister retorted with something about "idle projects of discovery," saying that C. C. was just a Genoese of vulgar birth, a "rank, madbrain'd enthusiast," *i.e.*, 20th century American: a "crack-pot." They were dead right too! What did Columbus ever accomplish? He just got into a lot of trouble! When people start marking maps, and going nuts about charts, and thinking there are other places outside of just right-here-at-home, where we want to stick and not to be bothered, they are laying up all sorts

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

SOME BUSINESS WOMEN

Fiction offers plenty of examples to prove that woman's place is not always in the home. Here are ten women who were actively engaged in business. How many of them do you recognize? Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 if you can recall the author who created her, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 21.

1. When, driven by poverty, she opened a cent-shop in her ancestral New England home, her first cash customer was a small boy who bought a gingerbread cookie.
2. To prevent her brother, an irresponsible author, from squandering his money on a traveling book-store, she bought it herself.
3. Foreseeing the financial possibilities in post-war reconstruction, this Atlanta matron went into the lumber business.
4. Having rented a typewriter and paid for it with her earnings, she left her too-successful husband to become a public stenographer.
5. To sailors in the British navy she sold such items as snuff and tobaccy, and excellent jacky, scissors, and watches, and knives.
6. She was the main-spring of the T. A. Buck Featherloom Petticoat Company.
7. Following a quarrel with a fellow-worker in a Spanish cigarette factory, she lost her job and took up smuggling.
8. She was the proprietor of a traveling wax-works show which contained not only the effigies of assorted historical characters but also a wide variety of murderers and other interesting but misguided individuals.
9. As skipper of the Narcissus, a deep sea towing and salvage tug, she has won the admiration and respect of the Oregon coast.
10. By shrewd management this English woman made a fortune out of running a French boarding house during the Siege of Paris.

ALERT, now meaning "air raid alarm!", comes from early French *à l'erte*, "on the watch." This, in turn, came from Italian *all'erta*, "on a watchtower or height." When the first field hospital was organized to follow an army, the French called it *hôpital ambulant*, "walking hospital," from the Latin *ambulare*, "to walk." Eventually *hôpital* was dropped and *ambulant* became *ambulance*, a vehicle for conveying casualties. The brass trumpet now blown by a bugler got its name from the ox which supplied the first *bugle*, or hunting horn. Middle English *bugle*, "wild ox or water buffalo," was in turn derived from Latin *buculus*, "young bullock." *Sabotage*, now the malicious hindrance of production, comes from French *saboter*, "to work carelessly"—originally, "to tread with wooden shoes, or *sabots*."

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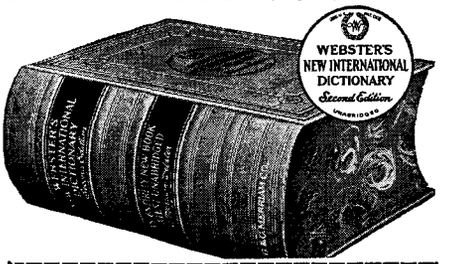

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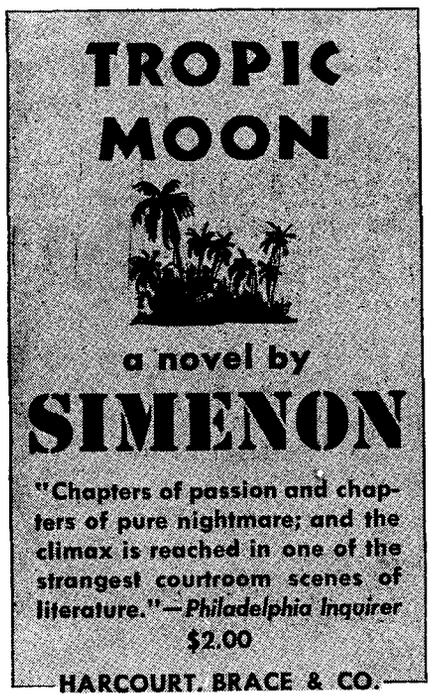
of disaster for their country, and getting it all involved in things God never intended. Look at the world today! It's entirely too large, and yet close-knit and all mixed up. The only safe policy is to forget all about this "globaloney" and shut up the house and pull down the shades. Otherwise you don't know *what* you may be in for, after this war! Certainly we don't want any lot or part in any other people's world. And I wish it was night, Mother, and I was back on the old farm!

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.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CAN HISTORIANS KEEP UP WITH THE WAR?

(*Continued from page* 4)

great historical significance, for the *Gazette* states:

> . . . Yale has secured correspondence of a number of United States senators and representatives and of such prominent persons as Miss Dorothy Thompson and Charles Lindbergh. The mail sent to these persons—cards, letters, handbills, every sort of written or printed paper—ranges in tone from reasoned argument and formal protest to threats and invective. Much of it is dull and repetitious; some of it can only be described as crackpot; and a little of it is unprintable. As a whole, it is significant. With the pressure-group publications, it illustrates the varied, contradictory, changing state of American opinion from the time when war was a remote, hideous danger to that when participation was regarded with resignation, and finally to the day when the name "Pearl Harbor" rang over the air.

The Yale library has gathered personal correspondence originating in Norway, Finland, Germany, and Great Britain. It has accounts of the sinking of the *Athenia* written by passengers who were on board, the account of air pilots' maneuvers over enemy territory written in their own hand, of sailors' stories of naval warfare in the far corners of the globe. "There are manuscripts in sealed envelopes, which are held in secret and which no one in the library has read."

The activities of special agencies are often more astonishing than even the all-inclusive scope of a large library such as Yale. These vary from the government's ever-growing collection of transcriptions of foreign propaganda broadcasts, to the extensive files of the Federal Bureau of Investigation which in due time can be considered as legitimate grist for the historian's mill.

The obvious question which raises itself is will the historian be lost when he is finally confronted with the maze of records that are being collected for him today? His own reply is that this is not the time to venture an answer. Techniques will need to be evolved to pre-digest research material so that when the time is ripe for the final processes of selecting, sifting, and weighing evidence, the historian will be speeded by carefully classified arrangements, extensive abstracting, and networks of indexes.

Just now the historian's principal worry is that nothing be ignored, destroyed, or lost that may prove essential when the world returns to normalcy and can appraise the catastrophe.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
SHE DIED A LADY *Carter Dickson* (Morrow: $2.)	English lovers die in leap—suicidal or otherwise. Sir H. Merrivale, slightly incapacitated, handles case with customary zip.	H. M.'s elucidation of many-faceted affair is original, amusing, and satisfactory, although one important character is rather shadowy.	Grade A
JULIET DIES TWICE *Lange Lewis* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Cal. amateur actress fatally bludgeoned in prop room. Girl psychology student finds corpse and Lieut. Tuck carries on from there.	Abnormal human behavior made disturbingly real in plot that gallops through tense situations to startling climax in Hollywood Bowl.	Loud applause
THE DANGEROUS DEAD *William Brandon* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Blackmail-fearing Vermonter hires city detective, who probes two local tragedies, scents murder, and brings slayer to book.	Strange game of cross purposes played against attractive winter scenery by appealing characters who meet match in just, if unscrupulous, investigator.	Effective
A MATTER OF ACCENT *David Keith* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Attempts on life of crippled N.Y. art dealer, aiding vanquished France, spur him on to exposé of murderous 5th column gang.	Intrigues of French factions in America basis of well written yarn that moves a bit too deliberately to effective climax.	So-so
THE SMELL OF MONEY *Matthew Head* (Simon & Schuster: $2.)	Amiable youngster, hired to supervise art treasures of palatial Cal. estate, sees rich patroness' corpse descend in lift, and outsmarts police.	Characters a frenzied crew—except amateur sleuth—with generally base and considerably fascinating motives. Puzzle good and solution unorthodox.	Out-of-the-ordinary

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But a Shadow of His Former Self

CONSTANTINE THE GREAT. By Lloyd B. Holsapple. New York: Sheed & Ward. 1942. 475 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by ALFRED R. BELLINGER

IT is generally recognized that Constantine came as near to creating an epoch as an individual can. The adoption of Christianity and the foundation of Constantinople may fairly be said to separate antiquity from the Middle Ages. Yet our information about his life is very scanty. The appearance of a big book about him, then, raises the hope that systematic search will have assembled all the pertinent material, and thorough analysis will have reduced it to an authoritative account. Unfortunately the hope is not realized. For one thing, more space goes to the history of the Church than to that of the Empire; for another, Mr. Holsapple's critical ability is not equal to his extremely difficult task. He has honestly attempted to sift the evidence and to present us with the real Constantine, but his bias is too much for him, as it is for most of Constantine's biographers. The essence of his doctrine is that when the emperor supported Roman orthodoxy he was right; when he diverted from it, he was wrong. He is not the first to take this position, and will not be the last, but his is not a state of mind which can advance our present state of enlightenment.

In the first chapter, "The Empire before Diocletian," the reader is put on his guard by a number of historical errors. (*E.g.,* Nero *was* a descendant of Augustus; Nerva, Trajan, and Hadrian were certainly *not* Antonines.) In the succeeding chapters strange historical conceptions begin to appear. To say that under Diocletian, Rome "was now merely a second rate provincial city," is a very serious error of perspective. To accept the testimony of Lactantius that Diocletian's retirement was forced by Galerius is to abandon critical judgment altogether. Mr. Holsapple is aware that Lactantius is an authority of dubious value and occasionally raises the question of how he could know what he reports. Nevertheless the estimate of characters is that of Lactantius, which leads us to the simple but questionable conclusion that all Constantine's opponents were monsters.

Now the basic weakness of all the contemporary testimony about Constantine is that none of the writers, Christian or pagan, was interested in transmitting a record of fact. They all wrote to prove something, and this generation needs no warning against using propaganda as an historical guide. This does not mean that their evidence is worthless, but it has to be used with a caution of which Mr. Holsapple is not capable. His primary interest is in the Church, and this is a perfectly proper one, but his book would have been much more serviceable if, instead of following Eusebius through the list of martyrs, he had given an account of the Church's extraordinary growth into the mightiest organization of its time. It is easy to understand the feeling of the Christians just released from the burden of persecution, and it would be unreasonable to expect an objective account from them, but their panegyrics and denunciations must not now be mistaken for sober history.

In our present state of knowledge it is essential that a biography of Constantine should be carefully documented, but Mr. Holsapple does not do this. His notes carefully record the ancient sources of his various chapters, and this is a useful procedure, but his reference to modern discussion is extremely casual. Controversial questions are settled by a statement that "competent scholars believe so-and-so" without any indication of who they are or what their competence. Too often the author's "probably," "certainly," and "undoubtedly" conceal a mere guess. The consequence is that if the reader believes that the author is right he will be content; if he has doubts he must go to another book.

Before an adequate life of Constantine can be written there are two pieces of preliminary work that must be done. First the sources, particularly Eusebius, must be scrupulously studied, not by an advocate but by a judge. Second, the secular data—legal, constitutional, military—must be gathered and investigated. Even then much will be obscure, but the historical figure will begin to emerge.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Hepzibah Pyncheon, in "The House of Seven Gables," by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
2. Helen McGill, in "Parnassus on Wheels," by Christopher Morley.
3. Scarlett O'Hara Kennedy, in "Gone With The Wind," by Margaret Mitchell.
4. Kate Sims, in "The Twelve Pound Look," by James M. Barrie.
5. Little Buttercup, in "H. M. S. Pinafore," by W. S. Gilbert.
6. Emma McChesney, in "Personality Plus," by Edna Ferber.
7. "Carmen," by Georges Bizet.
8. Mrs. Jarley, in "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Charles Dickens.
9. Tug Boat Annie, in the stories by Norman Reilly Raine.
10. Sophia Baines, in "Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett.

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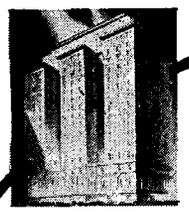

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The Crostics Club

THAT word *poltophagic,* one of the words against which Dr. Barker protested, would have delighted the soul of the late Professor Emeritus Edward Devalan Perry, of the Greek Dept. of Columbia University. Often he wrote me—on an ancient typewriter whose script was a joy to read—of his pleasure in getting at the DC words through their roots—here *poltos,* porridge; *phagein,* to eat. I thought of him as I typed another word new to me into a DC yesterday: *urosome,* from *oura,* tail, meaning the tail region of a fish. Now, can't you feel erudite, when next you eat broiled smelts, to say to your table-partner, "I don't like the urosome of this fish, do you?"

Florence Epps Wolfson, New York, writes that they made the acquaintance of DCs with the "Kalevala" translation, and she is "rooting for more quotations with the beauty of 'Long he played and long was singing and was ever full of gladness.'" I recall letters asking me to stick to poetry because the meter and rhyme made the going easier, or to stick to prose because it made the going more difficult. In my periodical batches for the *S.R.L* I do try to include less-known selections from great poets. It is not always easy to find in modern poetry lines of beauty or even sense, as a recent DC by F. P. A. revealed. The discovery of Lew Sarrett last spring was an unexpected pleasure. Of late in fitting the DC into the subject of a specific *S.R.L.* number I have found prose more to the point. While on this subject of poetry I like to recall the definition of poetry we worked out together in that class in epic poetry in which I first met the "Kalevala," the "Mahabharata" and "Ramayana" (in translation). It seems to me to be an eduring test. It ran broadly something like this: Poetry to be worthy must have as its appeal one or more of three rhythms—a rhythm for the senses, a rhythm for the mind, and a rhythm for the soul. Poe's "Bells" would fit the first rhythm. To my mind Tennyson's gem, "Ulysses," would fit into the category of all three, and thus be classed as great poetry.

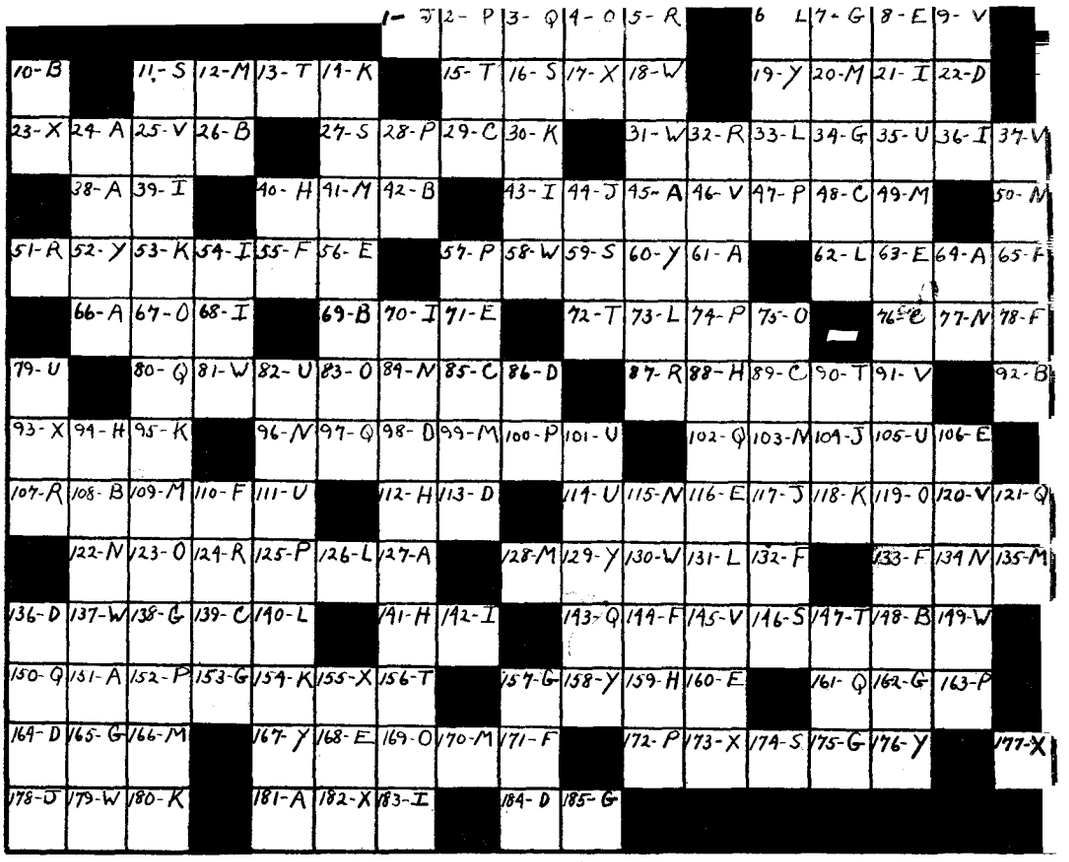
Why should those famous lines, attributed to several different poets, but authoritatively I think the product of John Byrom (1692-1763), keep recurring so persistently:

Some say compared with Buonocini
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.
Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

Yet who ever hears of Buonocini today and who doesn't know Handel?

Thinking of poetry and *emmets* I found a delicious poem by Humbert Wolfe in his "Stings and Wings": "Go to the Sluggard, thy Ant" which I'll give you someday.

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 465

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 10 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Friction matches (U. S.—obs.)

B. An inactive or static condition.

C. Any of various instruments for boring holes.

D. A heavy leather or hide whip; to flog (So. Africa).

E. Sprinkles.

F. To assail ruthlessly and indiscriminately (2 wds.)

G. A dancing leap with heels striking or legs crossing in the air.

H. To caper; frisk; a caper.

I. Famous English estates *Case* (1872).

J. Grotesque or bizarre in design (Painting, etc.)

K. Interwoven or twisted together.

L. Carried on an affair with levity.

M. Serious condition of being or form (phrase).

N. An emblem usually on the title page of a book, etc.

O. Not disturbed emotionally.

P. Character in "Pericles."

Q. Declared with assurance.

R. Bandies, as in heated debate.

S. Falling back from a better to a worse state.

T. In a threefold manner.

U. A sobriquet of Natty Bumppo.

V. Steps of a ladder.

W. Development.

X. Nurse in "The Cricket on the Hearth" (last name).

Y. Environments favoring rapid growth.

WORDS

45 24 127 66 181 38 151 64 61

42 148 69 26 10 108 92

85 89 48 76 29 139

86 136 164 184 98 113 22

116 160 168 71 63 56 8 106

132 144 55 110 65 78 133 171

185 165 157 138 175 34 7 162 153

40 159 141 112 94 88

68 54 21 70 43 142 183 39 36

44 104 117 178 1

95 154 180 53 30 118 14

6 33 126 62 73 131 140

12 135 99 170 166 49 41 20 128 169

122 134 77 84 96 115 103 50

67 4 75 123 119 169 83

100 163 152 28 125 47 57 2 74 172

3 143 80 150 121 102 97 161

5 51 87 107 32 124

174 11 27 16 59 146

15 13 147 72 90 156

35 82 114 111 105 101 79

145 25 9 37 91 120 46

137 31 149 179 58 130 18 81

155 17 182 173 177 93 23

158 129 176 19 60 52 167

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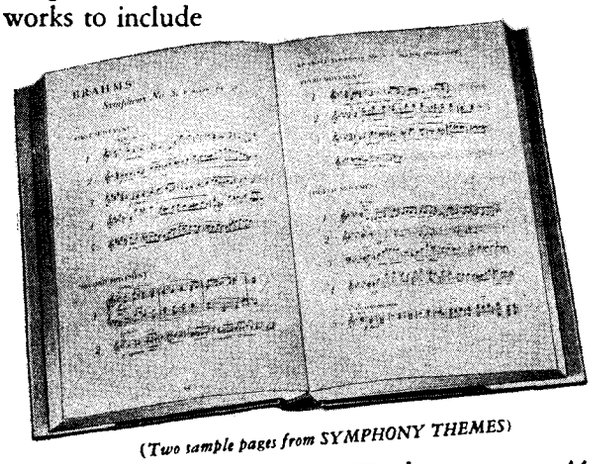

(*Two sample pages from* SYMPHONY THEMES)

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